# A TOURIST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

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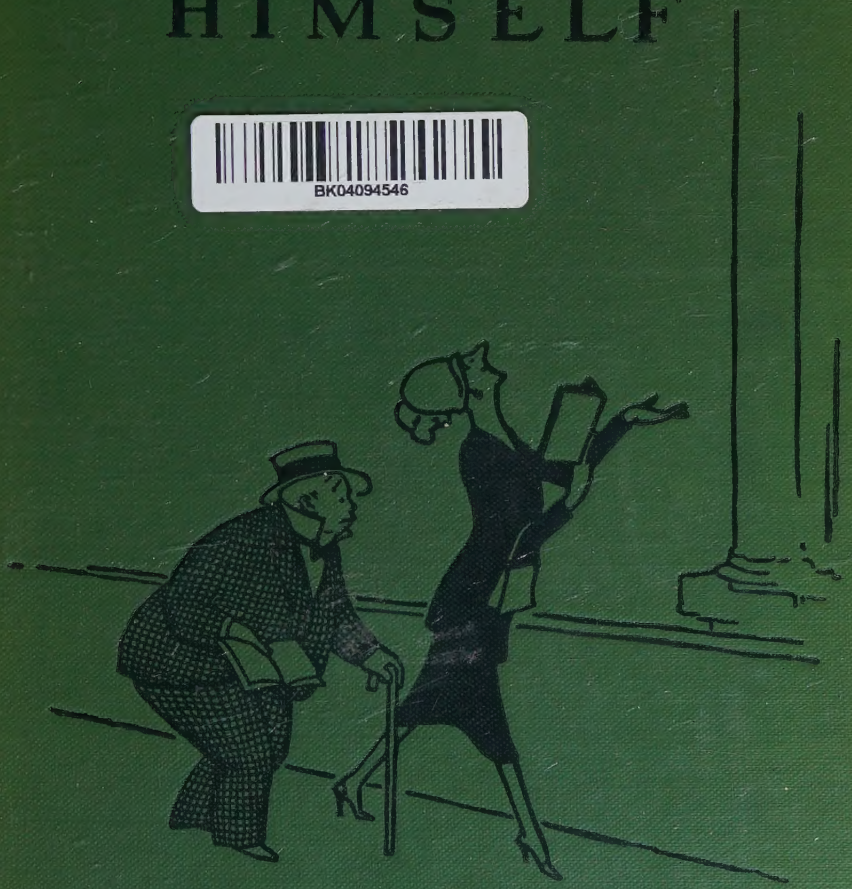

A. EDWARD NEWTON

4/ Königsberg

# A TOURIST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

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*I once so far forgot myself as to climb on a camel*

# A TOURIST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

BY

A. EDWARD NEWTON

AUTHOR OF

THE AMENITIES OF BOOK-COLLECTING

*With Illustrations by*

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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1930

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"Look you, there is humor in all things, and the truest philosophy is that which teaches us to find it and make the most of it."

JACK POINT, in *The Yeomen of the Guard*

## LOOSE SALLIES OF THE MIND

Dr. Johnson has defined an essay as "a loose sally of the mind; an irregular indigested piece, not a regular and orderly composition." The applicability of this definition to the volume in hand will not be lost upon the reader.

Further: the Lexicographer says something to the effect that a man, in writing a book, thinks that he may be able either to instruct or amuse mankind. Little instruction will be found herein, and the amusement will, I hope, not cause the reader to laugh loud; loud laughter always annoys me: it betokens, as Goldsmith said, the vacant mind.

I suggest, reader, that you buy this book and, if you like it, keep it in a prominent place: "we are advertised by our loving friends." If you don't like it, you can always give it away.

Several of these papers have not appeared before; several were published in the *Atlantic Monthly;* one appeared in the *Yale Review.* I thank the editors of these magazines for their kind permission to reprint. Since their original appearance they have been pulled about some and, it is hoped, bettered.

Finally, if he will accept it, I wish to dedicate this volume to Ellery Sedgwick, the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He discovered merit in my early "sallies," and, as I approach the going-out exit of my career as an author, I should like to make my bow to him.

A. Edward Newton.

"Oak Knoll,"
Berwyn, Pennsylvania.
*May* 10, 1930

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A TOURIST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

# A TOURIST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

## I

### IN SCANDINAVIA

MANY years ago there appeared in the pages of *Punch* a series of so-called lectures by one Mrs. Caudle to her husband. They were called "Curtain Lectures" for the reason that they were supposed to be delivered by the lady when the bed curtains were drawn — when the victim could not but hear. The lectures were upon a variety of topics, from the wickedness of loaning the family umbrella to the unnecessity of a man carrying a key to his own front door — the idea being that if he comes home betimes, as a married man should, he will have no need for one. Afterward these lectures were published in book form, and to-day their author, Douglas Jerrold, is chiefly remembered by these amusing examples of his wit.

But the idea of an advice-giving wife was not new with Jerrold. Two hundred years before, Richard Brathwait had published a book called *A Boulster Lecture:* it was the same thing under another name. The book has an amusing engraved

frontispiece by Will Marshall in which a woman, in bed, is addressing a man seemingly asleep at her side, and under the quaint old engraving is a verse from which we get the phrase about advice going in one ear and coming out at the other; it reads: —

> This wife a wondrous racket means to keep,
> While the Husband seems to sleep but does not sleep:
> But she might full well her Lecture smother,
> For entering one ear, it goes out at t'other.

Do not think that I have exhausted the subject: I have not; and to show my familiarity therewith I may tell the reader that there is a still earlier volume called *A Curtaine Lecture*, by Thomas Heywood, which has a frontispiece which was clearly the inspiration for the frontispiece to *A Boulster Lecture*. In it a man and wife are also in bed, but at the bedside is a table on which is an hourglass. The legend under the engraving reads: —

> When wives preach, 't is not in the husband's power
> To have their Lecture end within an hower.
> If he with patience stay till shee have done,
> She'll not conclude till twice the glasse be runn.

The subject is probably as old as Egypt.

But my learning is not all from books: experience is a better teacher, and from personal experience it is that I, a man of mature years, have found it wise when my wife speaks — "either in bed or at board," as the old marriage service has it — to pay due heed

and to adjust myself to circumstances; indeed, one's happiness in this world consists almost entirely in so adjusting one's self.

It was across the narrow chasm separating our two beds that my wife, some months ago, spoke these words: "I don't think we could do better than to go to Norway and Sweden this summer." We had been discussing a holiday and I had suggested that after a month in London we hire a motor and spend a few weeks in Devonshire and Cornwall. We had made, a year or two before, a most delightful motor trip from London to Edinburgh and had promised ourselves that some day we would journey all the way to Land's End. We had indeed discussed the matter so often that I thought it was as good as settled, and this sudden abandonment of our plans for a tour into a country we knew and loved for one about which we knew little — and, as I thought, cared less — came upon me as a kind of shock. "Why not Patagonia?" I inquired, — I could not help it, — and was told not to be silly. My wife then deigned to give her reasons, and I was obliged to admit their force. We were to act as guides to a young man who could hardly be expected to get as much pleasure as we in poking about in the beautiful parish churches in the West of England, or peeping over the hedge of Max Gate, Dorchester, in the hope of getting a glimpse of Thomas Hardy, England's one Grand Old Man. On the other hand, a new and

beautiful city in a new and beautiful country, every few days, could not fail to prove delightful to any lad with an easy conscience and a good digestion.

"But —" said I.

"There are no buts about it," said my wife; I knew that there were not and that the matter was settled.

In talking over our plans with a friend a few days later, he said to me: "Let me give you a word of advice. You will find Norway cold: take plenty of heavy clothing, woolen underwear, and especially heavy socks." I reported the conversation to my wife in this wise: "Blank tells me that we shall find it very cold in Norway and advises that you wear red flannel underwear." "I did n't ask for his advice," said my lady, " and I would rather die in white cambric than live in red flannel." She speaks just like that, does my lady.

A few weeks later our steamer, the *Minnetonka*, steamed up the Thames to the Port of London. It is a proud river: the docks on each side are superb in character and extent, even if, alongshore, the human misery everywhere evident is distressing to a London-lover, which I here proclaim myself to be.

What we call "prohibition" I believe to be a mistaken gesture, but it is at least an admission that there is a problem: England has, so far, contented herself merely with flirting with it. She closes her countless drinking places for a few hours each day,

while her citizens are developing a thirst; but this is not enough, for every saloon is a breeder of poverty and misery. The brewing and distilling interests are, however, so strongly entrenched that if anything is to be accomplished the drink question must be seriously grappled with. The moment one lands in any of the great ports of Britain, either London or Liverpool or Glasgow, one is horrified with the seemingly hopeless poverty and distress everywhere apparent: armies of men and boys, unemployed and unemployable, living off the "dole." The dole is economically wrong, but without it there would be starvation and revolution; it seems an insoluble problem — one is glad to escape it.

And one does escape it as soon as one arrives in the hotel district, the West End of London — a city which, in spite of the magnificence of New York, remains of unequaled charm and interest, and, if I may use the word, gentleness. There are few signs of poverty there: it is almost impossible to get accommodation in the hotels or a seat at the theatre — although most of the performances are very bad — or a table at a restaurant without "booking" in advance. Poverty and wealth have always existed side by side in London, and the extremes do not strike an Englishman as they do the visitor.

It was on the Fourth of July, when we were packing our bags preparatory to sailing from Newcastle next

day for Bergen, in Norway, on board the good ship *Jupiter*, and were almost frozen with the damp and chill, that the words of our friend recurred to us, and we left our light clothing in London, taking with us our heaviest, saying to one another, "If it is as cold as this in London, what must it be in Norway?"

It is disgusting the way some people's stomachs misbehave on a small boat. The *Jupiter* is a good ship of her class, but her class leaves much to be desired. An excellent sailor myself, I eat as much as I want, then I smoke and read and walk. But not all people are like that: to many, on a troubled sea in a small boat, the very thought of food is nauseating, and a man in robust health walking the deck with a cigar in his mouth is regarded as disturbing the peace. It was about ten at night on the second day that the little *Jupiter*, having dodged in and out among the islands in the harbor of Bergen, tied up at her dock and we prepared to disembark. Ten at night and as light as day, for as one gets into high latitudes in summer the sun hardly sets: there is a deep twilight for an hour or two, and then, before one can say Jack Robinson, the sun is shining brightly and the night is over. This in summer; in winter it is pitch dark at three in the afternoon. It was not on our programme to go to the North Cape, where in summer the sun scarcely sinks below the horizon, or to spend days, if not weeks, on a steamer penetrating to their utmost limit the fiords, because if it is true, as Dr. Johnson

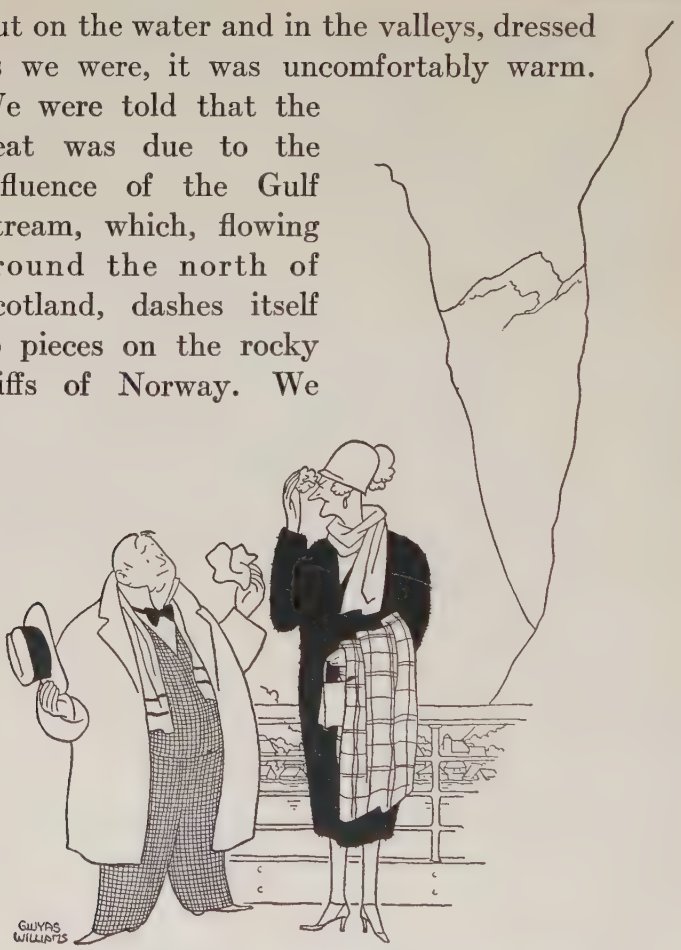
once remarked, that "one green field is very like another," might not the same be said of a fiord — those little bays and inlets which characterize the Norwegian coast? Rather it was our intention to catch a quick impression and pass on. One does not have to say that the scenery of Norway is magnificent — everyone knows that: the great snow-capped

*A man in robust health is regarded as disturbing the peace*

mountains come right down, almost sheer, to the fiords, which are very deep, but the channels are so tortuous that they can only be safely navigated by small steamers.

We had not journeyed very extensively when it suddenly dawned on us that we were very hot: where was this cold weather for which we were prepared? We inquired and were told that it was always hot

in July; it seemed as though it should have been cold, for the mountains about us were covered with snow, but on the water and in the valleys, dressed as we were, it was uncomfortably warm. We were told that the heat was due to the influence of the Gulf Stream, which, flowing around the north of Scotland, dashes itself to pieces on the rocky cliffs of Norway. We




*It suddenly dawned on us that we were very hot*

know this now, but when we left home it had not occurred to us, and our friend who had told us to pre-

pare for cold weather in Scandinavia had overlooked this fact.

We had thought of Norway as a country of waterfalls, but we were not prepared for the number that we were to see; one could not get out of sight of one — or more — and we were hardly ever out of hearing of the murmur of rushing water; it made us drowsy in our motors and lulled us to sleep in our beds.

Most people, I fancy, like to climb, to explore, to see things. Once again a remark of Dr. Johnson to his biographer occurred to me. When Boswell inquired whether he did not think the Giant's Causeway worth seeing, "Why, Sir, yes, worth seeing," the Doctor replied; "but not worth going to see." My idea exactly, and so I, being a tourist rather against my will, was satisfied to see what I could see comfortably either from the deck of a small steamer or from a motor (the American motor industry is a thriving one in Norway: Fords and Dodges and Chevrolets everywhere) or occasionally from a little open carriage drawn by a single very small cream-colored horse scarcely larger than a polo pony, but very hardy. The hotels were excellent and as clean as wax; the tables well and bountifully spread. We spent two nights at Stalheim, which is not a village or even a hamlet; merely a hotel superbly situated above and almost against a tremendous waterfall at a point where two great valleys intersect. Here it was that we first encountered the abundance of hors

d'œuvres for which Norway is famous. Upon entering the dining room one noticed a great table running almost the entire length of the room; upon it were piles of plates and an immense quantity of food, chiefly fish, salted, smoked, oiled, boiled, — all cold, — and cold meats, with an endless variety of cheese. One was expected to take a plate, help one's self, — "cut and come again," — and take one's place at the table, when some single hot dish, with tea, coffee, or chocolate, was brought by a maid prettily dressed in native costume. To one bored to extinction by the ordinary table d'hôte it was a pleasant change. At Oslo — which in my boyhood was called Christiania — we stayed at an excellent hotel, the Bristol. In European travel one usually finds a Bristol Hotel — if there is one — at least good, generally the best hotel in the place. And here, if I may, I will digress to say why this is so. May I permit myself the luxury of a fresh start?

On August 1, in the year 1730, there was born in England to the ancient and "socially prominent" race of Herveys a son, christened Frederick after the then Prince of Wales. His father was Earl of Bristol, and the lad subsequently came to the title and inherited with it an ample fortune. After the custom of his race, the boy went to Cambridge, but, not caring for the life there, he left without taking his degree, and, going up to London, he became a member of Lincoln's Inn and resigned himself to the study

of the law. But not for long: it soon became evident that even with his family connections a certain amount of work was required of one who expected to achieve distinction at the bar and ultimately a place of honor and emolument on the bench. The Church, on the other hand, offered the chance of equal if not greater distinction, and, could a bishopric be obtained, an equal financial reward — without any work whatever. Those were the days when the Church "paid," and paid well. The fact that the young man was a roué, possibly a Catholic, but more likely an atheist, was not then regarded as being any bar to ecclesiastical preferment in the Church of England; consequently, after taking orders and going through by easy stages the lower priesthood, he applied to his friend the great Earl of Chatham for a bishopric, which was soon granted him, he having in the meantime received a diploma of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Oxford! They did things that way in those days. But the Bishopric of Cloyne, in Ireland, the one first granted him, provided but a meagre stipend for a married man of luxurious tastes with a growing family, and he was soon translated to Derry, which gave him an income sufficient for his needs.

To make a long and fascinating story short, the Earl Bishop, as he came to be called, only resided in his diocese long enough to start the building of several palaces, when he decided to travel extensively. Pro-

vided with ample funds, with a group of friends and a large retinue of servants, he wandered from one end of Europe to the other. With occasional brief visits to England and to Ireland, he explored the Continent, indulging in every form of extravagance and dissipation. Hail fellow well met, he was equally at home in Rome, where he was taken for a Catholic, as he was in Paris, where he assumed the rôle of a Protestant, or in Geneva, where what we now call agnosticism was the order of the day. Wherever he went he patronized the best hotel, usually taking one entire floor and sometimes the whole establishment. So widely famed was he as a traveler, and so great was his reputation as a connoisseur of life, that my Lord Bristol's hotel soon became the best known and the most highly regarded in every city or town where he sojourned. If it had been the Hôtel de l'Europe when he arrived, it was the Hôtel de l'Europe *et Bristol* when he left, and subsequently the "Hotel Bristol" only. Hence it is that one may still expect to find — and usually does — the best at the Hotel Bristol, as we did in Oslo, and as we did not elsewhere — as will be related in the proper place.

For many years the kingdoms of Norway and Sweden were united, but some years ago a friendly separation was agreed upon and each country went about its own business, the capital of Norway taking its old Norse name, Oslo, and the inhabitants of each

country looking down rather upon the other one, as is the way of countries as it is of individuals.

The next great city en route was Stockholm, "the Venice of the North," as it is called, and certainly it deserves the title: it is magnificent! — superbly situated on a group of islands intimately united by bridges over swiftly flowing rivers or arms of the Baltic Sea. The Grand Hotel had been recommended to me as one of the best in Europe, enjoying, among other things, a splendid site. Here we stayed a week, loitering in the streets, surveying the magnificent buildings, and visiting not once, but several times, its splendid city hall. Why are our city halls, however costly, dirty and impossible, and the people who hang about them a miserable-looking crew? I ask you.

Stockholm's city hall is new and is a dream of beauty. It is situated on backwater, perhaps on a lake, and is architecturally something between an Italian *palazzo municipale* and a French *hôtel de ville;* withal it is not incongruous. Fancy a new and greatly enlarged Ducal Palace (at Venice) and you have a faint suggestion of the magnificence of the city hall at Stockholm. The city is immensely prosperous: no wars, for over a century, have left their blight on the country. Scandinavia throve mightily while all Europe beside destroyed itself in the Great War. And all Europe, except Scandinavia, now envies and despises America for her prosperity. Sweden has

dealt with the liquor problem rationally; I wish to emphasize this: the people are sober, clean, and industrious; there is no unemployment. The King, a man of seventy, plays tennis; peace and prosperity abound.

It would be absurd for me, a tourist on a brief holiday, to attempt any appraisement of the people of Scandinavia, but I was impressed by the alertness and intelligence of such people as I met. One day in Stockholm I chanced to pass a shop in one of the principal streets, in the window of which I saw some fine old eighteenth-century English mezzotints. My curiosity was at once aroused and I went in — to be met by a lady of a certain age who spoke English fluently, if not faultlessly. The prices were high and I did not buy, but I was well repaid for my visit. The lady — not a "saleslady," but a gentlewoman — in the course of conversation told me that English was much read by the educated classes; that she was about to publish an abridgment of *Pepys' Diary* in Swedish. Remembering that a translation of Boswell's *Johnson* was just appearing in Swedish, — the first translation to be made into a foreign language (I had had some correspondence with the translator and tried to see him, but he was not at home), — I asked her if she knew the work, and she replied that she did. I promised to send her a copy of my "play," *Dr. Johnson*, which I did when I got home, and a few months after I received a copy of my

friend's *Pepys*', with an inscription: "With thanks for *your* Samuel, I send you *my* Samuel — Johanne Kastor Hansen." Such are the amenities of authorship. Frau Hansen told me that there is a Johnson Club in Oslo which meets three times a year, and that Galsworthy is much read. "If one wishes to understand the England of to-day one must read the *Forsyte Saga*," she said; and I agreed.

But the heat! In our heavy winter clothes we had just managed to survive in Norway, but in Stockholm, with the thermometer at ninety and no night (for by now the sun practically never went to bed), we were indeed suffering from the heat and the glare. Give me a well-behaved sun: a sun which knows its place and goes to bed at the proper time. In Stockholm the sun, instead of going to bed, merely threw itself upon a couch for a few moments and then, like a giant refreshed, began again to shine for all. And here a misfortune befell me. My eyes are sensitive to light; the least trace of light in the morning and I am wide awake; hence it is that I always sleep with a long, black, lisle-thread stocking, which I tie loosely around my head and over my eyes as though I were preparing for a game of blind man's buff. As I know from experience that maids in hotels, finding in my room a woman's black stocking, feel that they are discovering something which may lead to a scandal, I invariably hide the stocking in the morning; but the second night in the Grand Hotel my stocking

*Determined to do some shopping on my own*

had disappeared: it was nowhere to be found, and at two o'clock in the morning I found myself wide awake. There was a time, reader, when the loss of a black stocking meant nothing, when all I had to do was to purloin one of my wife's, but that was years ago. With the incoming of the present style, when stockings have become mere films of skin-colored silk, it was useless to look for relief among my wife's lingerie. So, pitching and tossing uneasily in bed from two o'clock until eight next morning, I determined when day came to do some shopping on my own. I wanted a pair of long, heavy,

black stockings, and I knew that my work was cut out to get them, for they are as out of date as a bustle — and a bustle is so out of date that there will be people who read this who do not know what a bustle is.

There are fine shops in Stockholm, and in one of the largest and best I inquired for a pair of black stockings. I reveal no secret when I say that I speak no Swedish, and the Swedes speak, generally, only their own language, with here and there a dash of German. By signs and pointing to my own sock and suggesting length as best I could, I was shown a great variety of socks, but I wanted women's socks, long ones. Ah! then came those filmy things which to men seem designed, when properly filled, for their undoing. These came in every shade except black and of every weight except heavy. At last I made it clear that I wanted black stockings, not too thin, for myself, and out came the socks again. "Exactly," I said, "but *opera length*" — where this phrase came from I do not know, but I saw that the saleswoman thought that she had a lunatic to deal with. At last I did what I should have done at first, — I asked for an interpreter, — and in time was presented to a little Frenchwoman on whose bosom heaved the flags of many nations, signifying her familiarity with the languages thereof. To her I confided my perplexity. "It will be difficult," she said. "As long as it is not impossible I snap my

fingers at difficulties," I replied. And after an unbelievable amount of trouble I got what I wanted.

By this time I was in shopping mood, and with the help of my war-widow interpreter — I am sure she was a war widow — I bought the lightest-texture underwear to be had in Sweden, and then decided to buy two suits of ready-made clothes. I am not easy to fit at home; in Stockholm it was impossible — almost; but I was determined that I would not go to a luncheon next day (which was to be given us by the American Minister, Mr. Leland Harrison, to whom with due ceremony I had presented a letter of introduction) in a suit the very sight of which brought sweat to my brow. My waist is that of a giant; my length lacks at least a foot of what a giant's length should be. In due time, dressed in a dark blue alpaca, I was conducted to a mirror — and I was not pleased; I was, in fact, humiliated; but with the removal of ten inches of trouser leg, and a rolling up of several inches more, I declared myself suited and agreed to buy another cream-colored affair after it had undergone the necessary amputation.

Women have no sense of humor: they always laugh in the wrong place — at least my wife did when my bundle came home. "Do you intend to wear those things?" she said. "No, I bought them just to exercise my Swedish; I intend to carry them on my arm to the luncheon to-morrow to show that I know what 's what," I declared. But next day at the

Prins Karl Palats, which is for the time being the home of our distinguished American Minister, I was careful to keep my back to the wall as much as possible to hide the fact that the seat of my breeches was

*The saleswoman thought that she had a lunatic to deal with*

just about level with my knees. However, I was comfortable, and the company was too well bred to take any notice of my ridiculous appearance.

Some famous Latin lad once remarked that nothing human was alien to him. It is a fine statement, and I wish that I could with a fair amount of truth say the same thing; but I cannot. The fact is, most things don't interest me at all, and the world has made a habit of gathering these things together and putting them in museums. Some day some wise

commission will be formed to study what has been well called "museum fatigue." Indeed I think I have already heard of one which is to function in connection with the magnificent Pennsylvania Museum just now being completed on the Parkway in Philadelphia.

Why is it that a man can walk all day long on a country road or hoof it over the pavements of a great city and almost die from sheer weariness after two hours in an art gallery? There are many such in Stockholm, and a superb — but never mind, we only spent an hour in it, and upon that occasion we were the observed of all observers. We did go so far as to make the necessary reservations on a tiny steamer for the ancient city of Wisby, on the island of Gotland in the Baltic Sea, but the heat was so intense that several members of our party balked at spending a night on a tiny boat in necessarily cramped quarters, and we gave over the idea — and were sorry for it afterwards; when friends told us of the charm of its ruinous and picturesque beauty it was too late to change our plans. (Why is it that the thing one does n't see is invariably the thing upon which one is catechized when one gets home?) Long centuries ago — long before Venice became one of the glories of the world — Wisby was a city of great importance, a greater port than London, but the Danes got at it in thirteen hundred and something and practically destroyed it, hoping to bring the trade of northern

Europe to Copenhagen, but before they had succeeded in doing so Queen Elizabeth of England worked her will with the Hanseatic League, and London became and has remained the greatest port in Europe. Long may she remain so; but let her keep her eye on Hamburg.

Some wise cosmopolite once said, "Every capital in Europe has something to say." I listened, but heard nothing important in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. It seemed to us chiefly distinguished for its bicycles: Denmark has a population of but three or four million people, but they all ride bicycles. The streets have sidewalks for pedestrians, smooth, narrow runways for people awheel, and the centre is devoted to the usual traffic. Once again we were in a thriving, industrious country, this one famous for its agriculture. Almost every large building was pointed out to us as some sort of agricultural college. The Danes, once the terror of all Europe, have finally beaten their swords into ploughshares, and they are prospering accordingly. How many tons of butter and bacon and how many million eggs they send daily to London is not my business, but one would suppose that England, with its unemployed hundreds of thousands, would profit by the example of Denmark. An enormous and glorified beer garden in the centre of the city, a colossal brewery, and an immense gallery of sculpture, magnificent in plan and execution

— the gift to the city of Copenhagen of the owner of the brewery — these are my chief recollections of my short sojourn in Denmark; these and a visit to Frederiksborg Slot — once a superb palace, now a picture gallery and museum, which we visited en route to the Castle Elsinore. Elsinore, it will be remembered, is the scene of *Hamlet:* we were somewhat surprised to learn, from our guide, that Shakespeare had written the play there, and we were shown and several of us affected an interest in what we were told was Ophelia's grave; it left me cold, however. I was more interested in the excellent English spoken by our guide; when I complimented him upon it, he told me that he had lived in New York, but that the life there was too swift for him — as indeed it is for many of us — and he had returned to his native land.

A day or two later we were in Hamburg. It was almost forty years ago that I first visited the great free city of Hamburg; famous for its commerce, its wealth, and its hospitality. I had read of grass growing in its streets, during the war: it may then have done so, but it does so no longer. No city in all my travels seemed more prosperous. The streets were thronged with a busy people; the buildings — and there were miles of them — were substantial and magnificent; we hired a motor and were driven all over the city and through the residential district which borders on the Alster; everywhere was evidence of industry, wealth, and prosperity. For

several hours we were driven over fine, broad boulevards running along the River Alster, which has been dammed up to form a lake. On one side were magnificent mansions, placed in well-kept lawns, giving evidence of the taste of the people who once prided — and perhaps still do — themselves on being very English; certainly their evident love of trees and flowers suggests such refinement as the war had taught us to think was nonexistent in Germany.

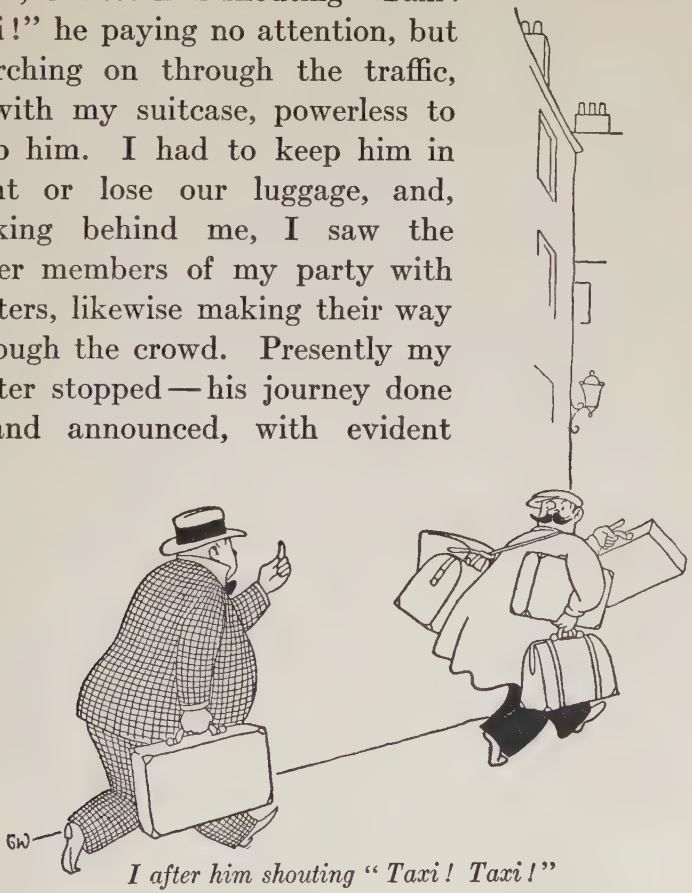
I confess that the seeming prosperity of Hamburg carried my thoughts back to that older and greater port of London, which does not seem as yet able to lift itself out of the slough of the war. The world will watch Germany come back with mingled emotions; she emerged from the war ruined indeed, but free from debt. She is paying her indemnities, — grudgingly, to be sure, — and she will escape them if and when she can, but her tremendous energy and the will to work, conspicuous by its absence in England, give us furiously to think. We traveled rapidly, to be sure, but with eyes open, from Hamburg to Cologne, where we spent the night. En route every factory, as we were passing through industrial Germany, seemed busy; gigantic smokestacks, flaunting dates, 1919, 1920, 1921, which were an affront to the world, belched forth smoke, evidence of something doing, and I thought of my friend Mr. Owen D. Young's great work in setting Germany on her feet again — I suppose it is all right. It must

be if he does it; withal he is a Democrat: that I do not understand. It may be that his father was.

On arrival in Cologne our party had to split up: no one hotel had room for all of us. Once again all was bustle and noise. After an uneasy night I rose early, intending to hear a fine choral service in the cathedral, but decided that I could hear cathedral music elsewhere, that this would be my last chance for some time to come to see a German city rouse itself from its slumber. By seven in the morning there were as many people going to their offices as with us at half past eight, and more than London could show at nine.

Our next objective was Paris by way of Brussels, with a detour to Antwerp, once more to spend a few hours in the Plantin-Moretus Museum, which was for centuries one of the great printing houses of the world. As our train entered Brussels I remarked casually, "I have made no hotel reservations and I don't even know the name of one; let 's try the Bristol — there must be a Bristol." All were agreed except my daughter, who said she had stayed at an excellent hotel here a year or two before; she had forgotten the name, but she thought it was not the Bristol. We had innumerable handbags which necessitated several porters, and when we descended from the train our luggage was seized and I said to the foremost porter, "Hotel Bristol," and away he

started, as I supposed for a taxi; but no — across a sordid square and down a busy and noisy street he went, I after him shouting "Taxi! taxi!" he paying no attention, but marching on through the traffic, I, with my suitcase, powerless to stop him. I had to keep him in sight or lose our luggage, and, looking behind me, I saw the other members of my party with porters, likewise making their way through the crowd. Presently my porter stopped — his journey done — and announced, with evident



*I after him shouting "Taxi! Taxi!"*

satisfaction, "Hotel Bristol!" Sure enough, there it was as large as life, but what a place! The Earl Bishop may have sojourned there a century and a

half ago; it is quite possible; but a more miserable-looking place in a poorer neighborhood I have hardly seen.

I made my porter put down his load and assembled my party, greatly amused at my predicament. I declined to enter the hotel, and, dismissing our retinue of porters, must have presented a woebegone appearance in my ridiculous Stockholm clothes. My French is not perfect, — I admit that, — but it is effective in an emergency. I wanted a taxi, I wanted a good hotel, and I wanted it *tout de suite.* While I was gesticulating and trying to make my wants known, a man, completely misunderstanding the situation, came to my rescue: he, supposing that I was overawed by the style of the Bristol, offered for a small fee to conduct me to a hotel *much cheaper!* I could have killed him. Finally we hailed a taxi — in fact several taxis — and were driven to the Astoria and Claridge, than which nothing could be better.

Brussels is a beautiful city: Paris in miniature, it delights to call itself. Its boulevards are magnificent, and its museums and galleries are immense and interesting, but, as my manicure in Paris confided to me, its people are — well, not gay; she used a stronger word. It is probably the cheapest large city in Europe in which to live, and with the franc at three cents it seems incredibly cheap, especially the taxis. One reason for our sojourn there was our desire to visit what is left of the city of Ypres —

which by the British Tommy will always be called "Wipers." It was one of the great storm centres during the World War, and it is said that first and last a hundred and fifty thousand British soldiers laid down their lives in its defense. It was in and around "Wipers," as well as upon the Verdun front, that the slogan "THEY SHALL NOT PASS" became the watchword of the men against whom the German armies hurled themselves in vain time and again during the long years of the war. With the exception of great cemeteries, crowded for the most part with nameless graves, there is little to-day to suggest the backward and forward surge of more than a million men. The fields of wheat and rye and pasture all around look as though Nature in her mercy had thrown a great patchwork quilt of gold and green over the once devastated area.

As we approached what was once one of the most famous small cities in Belgium, boasting a group of the finest Gothic buildings in Europe, — buildings which are to-day and probably will ever remain a mass of ruins, — we found ourselves in a throng all moving in the same direction. It was toward a superb war memorial, the most magnificent of many in Europe, which had been dedicated only a day or two before. It takes the form of a great arch and occupies the site of a small gate — the Porte de Menin, it was called — which for centuries gave entrance through the wall to the mediæval city of

Ypres. The old gate, which was at the city end of a bridge across a moat or a tiny river, was quickly hammered to pieces by the Germans in their long but futile effort to reach the French Channel ports. Not even at Verdun was fiercer fighting than at Ypres, and the names of one hundred and fifty thousand men who died for king and country, that the Germans should not pass, are inscribed in letters of gold on the great marble portal. Not the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, not the tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey, — nothing, I think, that I have seen, — impressed me more than this enormous and superb triumphal arch giving entrance to a ruined and almost deserted city, but a city which will certainly live forever in its heroic past. The days when men wrought beauty for the love of it, when art and religion were interchangeable terms, are past: mass production has taken the place of it. There is less beauty in the world, if more comfort.

It was with some such thoughts as these that we motored back to Brussels as the sun was setting. At first, reminders of the Great War were all about us; gradually they became fewer, and broad and fertile fields took their place until these were in turn gnawed at by the suburbs of Brussels.

I was tired of travel; it 's all well enough when you are very young to pack a suitcase every morning wondering where you will unpack it at night, but

strange scenes fatigue me and I longed to get to Paris, to sit quietly on the Boulevard in front of the Grand Hôtel and watch the world go by. The crowd is losing its individuality somewhat, but its component parts remain the same; while we, who watch it, grow older, the crowd itself does not; a crowd always keeps its age. Our train drew into the Gare du Nord. Everything was familiar; the taxi driver seemed glad to see me; I had no idea that it was possible to feel so at home in Paris.

## II

### IN PARIS

I FIRST visited Paris forty-five years ago. At that time I was a mad Napoleon enthusiast. This is tautological — to be a Napoleon enthusiast one must be mad. But, if my knowledge of French history did not begin at the beginning, neither was it confined to Napoleon; nothing is more romantic than the history of that land which we now call France, and good Sir Walter Scott introduced me to it in his excellent *Quentin Durward.*

But on the occasion of my present visit, after I was comfortably settled in the Grand Hôtel, and had taken a seat at a little table in front of the Café de la Paix and had drunk my glass of black chicory, — which the French politely term coffee, — watching the endless surge of humanity pass to and fro before me, it occurred to me that if I were to get pleasure and profit out of a month's sojourn in Paris it behooved me to rub up my French history a bit. Time was, when, had anyone mentioned Catherine de' Medici, I should have known that she was the wife of Henry II, and that he had come to his death by a jab from the lance of Montgomery — but that was

years ago. How could I best furbish up my faded recollection of who was who and why, without entering upon a long course of reading? These thoughts took me to Brentano's, where I bought half a dozen books, including that excellent *So You're Going to Paris!* It is a delightful refresher: evidently Clara E. Laughlin knows her Paris as I know my London — only better. And so, after my morning cigar and a glance at the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, it became my habit to take a book for an hour or two and forget the prosaic present in the romantic past.

Paris is so beautiful and so modern that one sometimes forgets that it is an old, a very old city, and that every inch of it teems with history just as London does. It was a delight to read the famous story of the Diamond Necklace, and then saunter down into the old quarter of Paris and visit the house in which Cardinal de Rohan lived when he was made such a fool of; or, after a good long pull at *Les Misérables*, to taxi to the Place des Vosges and visit the house in which Victor Hugo lived when he wrote that magnificent novel. But I determined that, if I took my sight-seeing somewhat strenuously during the morning, I would have a good rest in the afternoon, that I might be in fine form for the pleasures of the evening. Many people work too hard at their sight-seeing.

For years I have always stayed at the Grand Hôtel; I like everything about it. It has a wonderful loca-

tion, just across the street from the great Opera House (the critics of which always tire me a little); the rooms are large, the service excellent, and withal one has a feeling of complete independence: no one seems to be watching you. Paris is a noisy city, but if one gets an inside room overlooking one of the courts one never hears a sound of what is going on in the streets, while just outside the door is the famous Café de la Paix, where, if one takes his seat on the pavement, one can — at the expenditure of a few francs for drinks and ices one does n't want — watch for hours one of the most varied and interesting panoramas in the world. Sit there long enough and you will see everyone you ever knew or heard of, and when you are weary you can retire to your room or stroll to your favorite restaurant.

I am in no sense of the word a *boulevardier*, but I confess that dining and wining in Paris is a delight; all you have to do is to have a good purse — to know what you want and where to get it. "Where to get it"; ay, there 's the rub. Most people do not know what they want, and few tourists in Paris know where to get it. And now let me make a confession. When this paper first appeared several years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*, I never had seriously believed that the subscribers to that excellent magazine hung upon its every word, as who should say, "If you see it in the *Atlantic*, not only is it so, but it could not be otherwise." Judge, then, of my astonishment when

letters began to pour in upon me from all over the world telling me in no measured terms that my paper was quite worthless, in that I had failed to mention this restaurant or that, famous for some *spécialité* or other — for which, alone, the writer went to Paris. Unknown correspondents wrote me more in sorrow than in anger; friends wrote me more in anger than in sorrow, and my family said, "Don't reprint that paper; it is not worthy of you. People will think that a man who knows as little of the restaurants of Paris as you do will not be likely to know anything of Dr. Johnson." That was, I think, hitting below the belt, after a hearty meal. I did, however, decide that if or when I reprinted my paper I would make this part of it a composite picture, in that upon my own experiences I would superimpose those of my betters. I shall mention no names, for I have no idea of sharing my royalties with others.

Paris is preëminently a city of restaurants: let it be said at once that none of them are as good as they used to be, and they never were. The Café de la Paix is still at the world's crossroads, but not so many people cross as formerly, nor are they so important or beautiful or wicked. Very well, so be it: I still prefer it to the Café Weber in the Rue Royal, "from which," writes someone, "you can get an excellent view of the columns of the Madeleine." But from a restaurant already too respectable I do not want a view of any church whatever. I prefer Maxim's, a

little further down the street: how devilish it was supposed, and with some reason, to be in the nineties. Do you remember the *Merry Widow?* How tuneful it was! There was music; melody, not jazz, and dancing; not merely a group of tired business men walking on their partner's feet to the noise of a saxophone.

I cannot but suppose that sooner or later this volume will fall into the hands of some man or woman who knows "Shorty," — the famous Shorty, — and I shall stop the progress of this paper, which is already moving slowly, to speak of him. Once upon a time, when I was in my early twenties, I knew a charming girl who was studying art in Paris. She was living, frugally, "on the Left Bank," and one night I was invited to her "apartment" to meet her teacher, Shorty.

"But how am I to address him?" I inquired. "'Shorty' is obviously a nickname."

"Oh, you will just call him Shorty — everyone does," I was told.

"But does he speak English?"

"Certainly he does. He was born in St. Louis."

That simplified matters. Shorty and I met, took a fancy to each other, and subsequently met more than once in some little "zinc," here or there, to discuss matters bearing upon life and art. A zinc, I might say, is a small drinking place, — where sometimes a little food can be had, — so called because the

counter, or bar, has a zinc top in which is set a sink in which glass may be made superficially clean. It may have one or two small tables with chairs, or it may have a dozen, and, especially at what used to be called the absinthe hour, it was usually crowded with men busily engaged in discussing the affairs of the nation. French women of the lower classes are not usually to be seen in public houses as they are in London.

But to return. Years passed as years have a habit of doing. I got married, and one day, in conversation with my wife's father, he asked me if I had by any chance ever met one Charles Lasar, an artist, in Paris. I replied, "No, the only artist I ever knew in Paris called himself Shorty." "Why, that 's the man!" he cried. "Shorty and Charles Lasar are one and the same; he is a distant cousin of mine." Gradually, his story came out. Shorty was a poor boy in St. Louis working as a lithographer. One day he came to my father-in-law and said, "Carl, I want you to lend me a thousand dollars. With it I shall go to Paris and study art for five years; at the end of that time I shall be an artist and return the money or I shall be a failure and you will never hear of me again." "Done!" said Carl, and loaned the money. Within five years Shorty had become one of the best-known art teachers in Paris and the loan had been repaid. Shorty became — what he still is — one of the best-beloved Americans living in Paris. Long

since he has given over teaching and lecturing, — he was once the height of fashion, if never the mould of form, — and now paints chiefly for his own amusement, talking all the time in a French and an English that is a scandal. He is a true philosopher, taking his good when he finds it, doing his duty as he sees it — and he sees clearly. But why this bit of biography and autobiography? my reader may exclaim. To which I would answer, because it pleases me to make a passing record of the many pleasant hours I have spent with the inimitable "Shorty" under the gaudy awnings of those famous Bohemian temples, the "Dome," the "Rotonde," never the "Select," and, incidentally, I may say that just back of Shorty's favorite place of call is an English bookshop where bargains are as rare as virtue on the slopes of Montmartre.

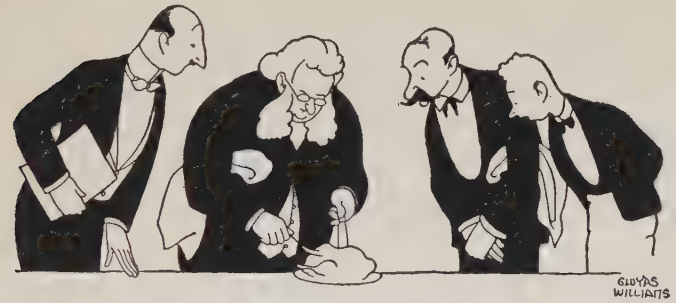
While on the "Left Bank" (of the Seine, which many people who know Paris well affect, or perhaps actually do prefer to the better-known Right Bank, of which the Place de l'Opéra is the centre), let me revisit in imagination Foyot's, that "noted old house of the highest class," as Baedeker calls it, near the Luxembourg. If the French do not know how to capitalize a reputation, no one does. If fifty years ago a certain place was famous for something — anything — the price of that thing goes up and up and the quality goes down and down, and still people keep on going, telling one another that if you want

some certain thing you must go to — Foyot's, or wherever the place may be. Foyot's is supposed to be much frequented by French politicians when on pleasure bent, but the last time I was there two school-teachers were showing a lot of American schoolgirls the way they should not go, and nothing was very good except the *filets de sole*, which a French chef can hardly spoil: the *artichauts* were cold, the *crêpes Suzette* distinctly poor. But *l'addition* was magnificent.

The Restaurant Lapérouse on the Quai des Grands-Augustins is, I think, a little less famous than Foyot's, and much better — or perhaps that was because I visited it under the patronage of a generous and knowing Frenchman. It is amusing to one who like myself eats chiefly that he may live; it is amusing, I say, to watch a Frenchman of middle age accompanied by a lady of the evening enter one of these world-famous restaurants and see how they establish themselves for dinner. There is a long whispered conference with the *maître d'hôtel*. Meantime Madame — every woman in a French restaurant is Madame — has reached her hand into the neck of her low-cut frock and adjusted her person so that she may be entirely comfortable. The dinner ordered, Monsieur ties a knot in a napkin and proceeds to garotte himself therewith, while Madame covers her broad expanse of bosom with a serviette the size of a tablecloth: the general aspect of both suggesting,

"Ave! we who are about to *eat* salute you." Food begins to come quickly, and keeps on coming. Ice water, the staple of the American restaurant, is conspicuous by its absence. They order these matters better in France. Our good friends the Crummers (book-collectors always speak of them as "the Crummers"), formerly of Omaha, now of Los Angeles, took us one night to the Tour d'Argent, over by the Jardin des Plantes, said to be the oldest restaurant in Paris, having been established in 1582, if one can believe what one is told. It is renowned for its duck. It was a night to be remembered, but rather for the sparkling talk than the sparkling wine. I can sparkle very well on a single glass, but ice water, even in the most liberal quantities, makes me go flat. "Water is a dismal drink," says the Gloomy Dean, and, as Sam Weller remarked to Mr. Pickwick, "No one ever grew merry at a pump." The Tour d'Argent is very tiny and very new in appearance, but with customs all its own. As one leaves, in exchange for an enormous tip one is given a card whereon is written the number of the bird he has consumed. The number of mine was 87,287 (since 1890); seemingly the numbers gave out that year and they started afresh. The awe with which one head waiter, one plain waiter, and one acolyte watched a bespectacled and bewhiskered old gentleman carve our birds must have figured largely in the bill, which was paid by our host with magnificent

abandon, as who should say, "I never dine for less than ten or twelve dollars a cover in Omaha; why should I expect to spend less in one of the most famous restaurants in the world?" And, admittedly, a man thinks more highly of himself after receiving a




*The awe with which one head waiter, one plain waiter, and one acolyte watched*

genuflection from the manager of the Tour d'Argent, and I owe this feeling of satisfaction to the Crummers. No one would suspect from seeing the gayety of Mrs. Crummer in a world-renowned restaurant that she had just finished making and publishing a catalogue of her husband's medical books printed before 1640 — and it will be understood that in those days most medical books were published in Latin! The most serious people in the world become gay in Paris: that is one of the city's many charms.

Discussions are constantly going on in the Paris papers as to where the best food can be had — and just as the question is about decided someone ups

and says that every Frenchman knows that the best cooking in Paris is found, not in restaurants, but in private houses, and a Frenchman will never dine in a restaurant, if he can help it, except when his wife and the children are away. I know nothing about it, but nevertheless do not believe it. Rather would I follow the *Paris-Midi*, which took a vote among its readers two years ago to determine the ten best Paris restaurants, and finally gave the palm to the "Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque," which is watched over by the shade and photograph of Anatole France. It occupies three floors of a house not far from the Gare St. Lazare. Its clients and waiters are of noble birth, and how they can circulate freely as they do between the closely crowded tables and the people waiting in line for a place must always remain a mystery. The noon meal is the best there, and it is advisable to go either very early or very late, and with a healthy appetite. A wise man will order hors d'œuvre and go no further till he has consumed them, for such is their quantity and quality that there will be very little room left for anything else. Apprentice waiters come first with a round dozen large platters of vegetable, fish, and meat salads; then a white-capped carver armed with an enormous and murderous knife dexterously slices slabs of fragrant sausage off several rolls a good half-meter in diameter, piling one's plate in calm disregard of all protestations; and he is followed by the head waiter bearing

a knucklebone of ham and a dish of hot Alsatian sausage and mashed potatoes. This restaurant serves a dish from a different French province every day; the Sunday offering is called *les Demoiselles de Cherbourg chez elles*, and consists of small lobsters in the shell, boiled in a wine sauce and with a rice stuffing — delicious if somewhat messy eating. Arbois wine, served in a little brown jug, is the best companion for such heavily spiced food, although those who like a sweet drink might prefer cider.

I suppose the most sophisticated man in all the world is the head waiter, or indeed any waiter, in a long-established restaurant in Paris. He can size up one to the nicety of a red hair: I would just as soon attempt to deceive God or my wife as a French waiter. But although one cannot deceive him, one can disgust him, by salting one's food before one has tasted it; and one can insult him by asking for Worcestershire sauce. One cannot get it, of course, or indeed any sauce out of a bottle, except perhaps at Prunier's.

On the other hand, if one feels up to it one can insist upon dressing one's salad oneself. It 's an awful bore, and if one commits a single solecism one is lost, but if one gets away with it, it is like wearing that bit of red ribbon in one's buttonhole. It is done something like this. One must reject with disdain any sauce which may be supplied, and call for oil, vinegar, and the rest. These, when brought, must

be waved away as totally unworthy. At this point it may be well to call for the head waiter. If sufficiently impressed, he will provide something from his own private stock, subsequently hovering to observe, assist, or silently condemn, as the case may be. Of the three or four brands of mustard provided, choose none, but ask for another; this will add at least three waiters to the interested audience now assembled behind one's chair, eager to offer advice. All ingredients being provided, you have but to mix them. There are two schools of salad mixing, one which demands an empty bowl to which the salad is eventually transferred, and one which does it all with a modest tablespoon — this last being unquestionably the greatest. One may further qualify by the gift of a tip which must be just right in amount, and one is morally certain of excellent attention and a nice table ever after at that particular restaurant, no matter how crowded it may be.

The Frenchman usually begins his noon meal with hors d'œuvre, which may mean anything from two sardines, a slice of sausage, and potato salad to the lavish offerings set before one at a restaurant like the "Reine Pédauque." In the evening he takes soup preceded by oysters in season; I have yet to see a Frenchman eat hors d'œuvres in the evening. Oysters in Paris can be safely eaten almost anywhere, in contradiction to the general belief of foreigners that one dare eat them only at Prunier's. It was a long time

before I could accustom myself to the coppery flavor of the green and tan French and English oysters. Now, I very greatly prefer them to our own. Some day, when I have disposed of my library, I shall perhaps feel that I can indulge in a few dozen oysters at Scott's, in London, but until that time I shall not be able to afford the luxury. And remember that it is an act of pure vandalism to put anything more than a drop or two of lemon on an oyster, and I often wonder what men think they are doing when, after ordering a dozen fine oysters, they proceed to drench them with lemon, horse-radish, tabasco, tomato catsup, and the rest.

There is another excellent restaurant near — in fact, just opposite — the Gare St. Lazare, the "Restaurant du Havre," which makes a specialty of shellfish and is one of the few small restaurants where an order of crab is accompanied by the indispensable finger bowl. If you would give pleasure to your waiter and at the same time protect your own garments, it is wise to ask him for an explanation of the mechanism of the mustard jar before experimenting yourself. It is a patent arrangement on the order of a child's money bank; you feel that it must be smashed to get anything out of it: be careful, or it will dribble mustard promiscuously; but properly punched by a practised hand, it deposits on your plate a neat roll of mustard, not unlike the tooth paste that comes out like a ribbon.

Ciro's, the world-famous establishment, is only five minutes' walk from the Grand Hôtel. I wonder does anyone think he is really seeing Paris at Ciro's, or at Philippe's, or at the Pré-Catelan? These places are established for and maintained by rich foreigners, chiefly Americans, with more money than brains; I always hate to go to any of them. I went to Ciro's one night to dine with some friends, having taken the precaution to engage a table; and, upon my asking the waiter if he spoke English, he replied flippantly, "I have no occasion to speak anything else — except American." The dinner was not too good, the waiter insolent, — because I would not take his advice, — and the bill terrific. I was ashamed of myself for having spent my money there, and I felt exactly the same way at a number of restaurants the names of which have escaped me.

There are, I am told, a number of excellent Italian restaurants, but for myself I prefer Poccardi's, although my wife hates it. It is just as exclusive as the Grand Central Railroad Station in New York, and almost as large. There one can get an excellent lunch, in company with many of the countrymen of Mussolini, for just about the price of the tip at the Tour d'Argent; but I get no salute from Signor Poccardi upon leaving his establishment: there are still four or five hundred diners there, and our host may have been worried over the amount of food they were noisily and voraciously consuming — for dining is

not an art at the enormous establishment in the Boulevard des Italiens and the Rue Favart, which runs alongside the famous Opéra-Comique. This, by the way, is the place of amusement I enjoyed most in Paris. It is no fun for me to go to the theatre: they speak French so rapidly that I only understand one word in five, and this is not enough to enable me to follow the story; and the musical comedies are very poor, and of the variety shows the less said the better. But at the Opéra-Comique they give by no means what we call comic opera, but the lighter operas by such recent composers as Puccini, Charpentier, Mascagni, and the rest — and if one is going to the Comique, Poccardi's is just the place to dine. The prices are not high, and, if the dish of the day is usually *italien*, it is always excellent: every day is *ministrone* (accent on the final *e*) day, — a vegetable soup at fourteen cents for a large basinful, — and there is an elaborate menu proportionately priced. I like everything about Poccardi's, from soup to nuts, as the saying is: except the noise and confusion; especially I like the *cassata sicilienne*, which is a sort of glorified ice cream at twenty cents a slice.

But there is another restaurant farther down the boulevard to which I have been going for forty years, and others forty years before that, and to which others will be going forty years hence, which I like better — Marguery's. The specialty of this house, *filet de sole Marguery*, is famous all over the world.

All the food is excellent, and if you are told it is not as good as it used to be, don't believe it: nothing is, and, anyway, Marguery's location is unsurpassed. I can sit for hours in one of those glass-fronted rooms overlooking the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle watching the crowd surge along, especially at the right hour on a fine Sunday afternoon. One sees lovers — the world forgetting — arm in arm, sometimes he with his arm around her, and it is not very unusual to see such a pair stop occasionally and kiss each other, not once but several times.

"Disgusting," said my lady.

"Why, no," replied her husband; "we paid good money to see such things done at the theatre last night, to see an exhibition of imitation passion, and now where we can see the real thing for nothing you call it disgusting. Be consistent, my dear." But what woman ever was?

Looking out of the window at Marguery's one rainy evening, we observed with interest a youth and a pretty girl hugging one another under an umbrella, which seemed rather to cramp their technique than afford protection from either the rain or the curious. But the curious indeed were few; in general, people in Paris mind their own business. One day I saw a man stretched out on a bench sound asleep in a heavy rain. In Germany he would probably have been arrested; in England he would certainly have been cared for by some Royal Society organized to

care for people who go to sleep in the rain; but in Paris a man, observing him, merely remarked to his companion, "That is the way he takes his pleasure," and passed on. One is permitted to do pretty much as one will in Paris, and the crowded streets are as interesting as the museums, which are among the finest in the world. Personally, I get greater pleasure out of people than out of things: inanimate *objets d'art* in a museum are fatiguing; people are always interesting. Who was the wise and witty Frenchman who remarked, "I love all mankind except those I know personally"?

The American is a very obvious person: noisy, naïve, and so interested in himself that he cannot understand your lack of interest in him. The Englishman is reserved; the Parisian is himself, and quite indifferent to your opinion. The French are very intelligent, very self-sufficient, and self-supporting. Compared with England, there are no charities in France. The people are thrifty to the point of avarice; from infancy they are taught to look after themselves, to provide for their old age, and they do; the people who die in absolute penury are, I fancy, very few.

The English are very subtle, as subtle as the Chinese: no one understands them fully; they do not understand themselves; but the French can be read like an open book which they are too indifferent to public opinion to close. It contains but one short

paragraph, which reads: "We stand for civilization at the world's frontier. When we are in trouble we expect the world's help for what we have done. Your job completed, return to your home and make money, which you can best spend in Paris. We should prefer you to *send* the money, but if you feel that you must *bring* it, do so, and as quickly as possible, and be on your way. We do not like you or anything about you. Why should we?" This attitude is easily understood and has much to recommend it.

But we were doing a round of the restaurants. Reader, have you ever eaten snails or horse meat? I have eaten both, and I prefer snails; snails are, indeed, a great delicacy, and at the sign of L'Escargot d'Or, or the Golden Snail, a very old establishment near the Halles, they are always included in any very recherché meal; indeed, in the neighborhood of the Halles there are a dozen places which announce the interesting fact that snails are there served, by large effigies of the animal or reptile — or whatever it is — in gold, swinging from brackets over their doors. People not accustomed to eating snails must not assume that the snail is a sort of first cousin to the caterpillar, — either the fat or the fuzzy one, — for the edible snail, the snail of commerce, however closely allied to the common or garden snail, from the first moment of its life to its last has but one ambition — namely, to satisfy the appetite of the epicure.

They are raised on snail farms, — just as terrapin is with us, — and they are usually served, in the shells which once afforded them shelter, in a viscous dressing of clarified butter, chopped parsley, and onion. Free yourself from the idea of "Snails!" and you will find them delicious.

Horse meat is another matter: admittedly, the horse is a noble animal, but that does not make it appetizing. Over the doors of butcher shops where horse meat is sold a golden horse's head indicates the fact; it is, indeed, required by law. Horse meat is almost the only meat that the poor Frenchman allows himself. We ate it first, unknowingly, at a little restaurant in Versailles; we had missed the train which was to take us back to Paris and were hungry, and, surrounded by little eating places, we selected what we hoped was a good one, but I had my misgivings from the start. As we took our places at the table, a waiter brought a dish of ragout to a party seated near us, and, as we liked the appearance of it, we ordered some — and found it horse! Horse meat is rather sweet and very tough and stringy, but it is good food. Why should it not be good? The horse is a grain-fed animal of cleanly habit, but it does not come to the table until by years of hard work its flesh has turned to sinew. The British export immense numbers of horses to the Continent, where they are killed and eaten in spite of the well-meant efforts of English humanitarians to prevent the traffic. Now

that we know what becomes of the old horses, tell me what becomes of the old vehicles — the French are much too thrifty not to make use of them in some way. I don't mean to suggest that they eat them — but if they did, they would make an excellent dish thereof.

The difference between French and English character is suggested by the cooking. The English will have no disguises; the French disguise everything. The English have but one sauce, "bread sauce" — and it 's nothing to be proud of; the French have a hundred, every one a work of art. The English throw a cabbage into a kettle of boiling water — and serve; the French look at a frog on the side of a stream and say, "Let us cook and eat it." Even so wise a man as Dr. Johnson got a pleasant reaction by referring to "the frog-eating French," but anyone who has enjoyed frogs' legs as served in any good restaurant in Paris will suppose that he is regaling himself upon a particularly delicate and succulent piece of chicken.

I doubt if a man can be more pleasantly occupied than in seeking out good eating places in Paris. I, who at home eat just enough to sustain life, found myself going miles to indulge in a famous *soupe à l'oignon*, or waiting patiently for a seat at Prunier's for a dozen oysters and a glass of an amber-colored wine — which has been permitted to remain for a moment in the crimson rays of the setting sun and into which some fairy has squeezed a drop or two of

lemon. And here I would remark that, once one has become accustomed to the European oyster with its strong and, at first, rather coppery taste, he comes home to find the large American oyster lacking in flavor. Thackeray — I think it was Thackeray — once said that he never ate an American oyster without thinking he had swallowed a baby. Renowned for its sea food, Prunier's is also famous for its caviar. What would I not give for a portion this very minute, with some hot toast and something more than a suspicion of onion chopped fine, and half a lemon. And if it is August, and Prunier's is closed, there is Fauchon's just behind the Madeleine, where the caviar is as good if not better, and much cheaper. Fauchon is a large delicatessen dealer, a glorified grocer who runs a restaurant on the side. I don't think his place is open at night; I patronized it only for luncheons; and, looking out of his second-story window one day into his great store on the opposite side of the street, I saw a huge stack of "Superior Bordeaux at forty-eight francs per dozen" for quarts — and francs at four cents each, mind you. But why stimulate a thirst which you cannot satisfy? Heaven speed the day of "light wines and beers." Can anything be more barbaric than a canvas-back duck and ice water!

But perhaps, of all the restaurants in Paris, the best for freedom from fuss and feathers, famous for serving bountiful portions of exquisite food, is the

Bœuf à la Mode. It began doing business just after the French Revolution, and it was a favorite eating place of the great Napoleon. It is in a side street, near the Palais Royal, but it is necessary to go early to get a good table. Try a portion of the *bœuf* from which the establishment takes its name, with *pommes soufflées*, or *homard thermidor* and a bottle of Cliquot, *goût américain*, followed — if you feel up to it — with *crêpes Suzette* made one at a time under your eyes by an artist who expects and deserves a reward; and, as a *chasseur* chases a taxi, you will, or at least should, murmur to yourself the well-known couplet: —

> "Serenely full, the epicure would say,
> Fate cannot harm me, — I have dined to-day."

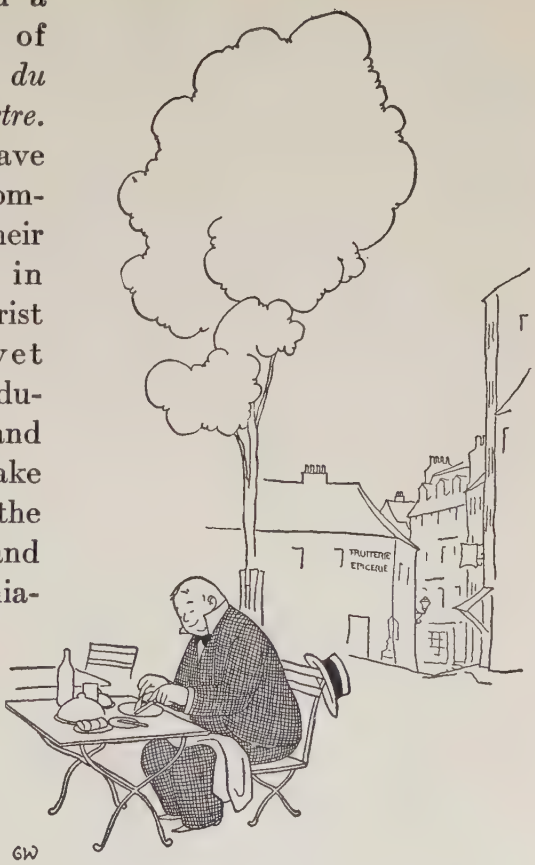
Paris is famous for so many things that it is difficult for the tourist to know how best to spend his time. To enjoy one's food one must exercise, and of all exercise walking is the best. And so I found myself strolling leisurely all over Paris, — here, there, everywhere, — always bewildered afresh by its beauty. Very high buildings, so popular with us, are not permitted, but every important building is placed with due regard to every other building; it fronts upon either a square or a circle, or is at the end of a broad avenue. There are, in Paris, no accidental happenings of loveliness as there are in London, but it has always been a beautiful city. A hundred years ago the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Élysées and

the great Arc looked very much as they do to-day, but the magnificent streets that converge upon the Opera House, and the Opera House itself, Paris owes to the wave of extravagance which swept over it in the time of Napoleon III. He gave a favorite, a politician by the name of Haussmann, a free hand, and a new Paris arose. It was done imperially; there was no voting or anything like that — it is only very occasionally that anything important is accomplished by the ballot. The Emperor wanted to make Paris more magnificent than it was, and he gave the order; there was tremendous speculation, — men were made and ruined overnight, — but the desired result was attained. And the end is not yet; only within the last year or two has the Boulevard Haussmann been cut through a few solid blocks of houses, so that it now runs — under one name or another, as it was originally planned to do — in, practically, a straight line from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la République.

They take things slowly in Paris, but they get results. For fifty years they have been at work upon the Church of the Sacré-Cœur on top of Montmartre. It occupies one of the finest sites in the world; from it one looks down upon the whole of Paris. But the most amazing view of the church itself, with its immense white dome and its towers and turrets glistening in the sun, is up the Rue Laffitte where the street enters the Grand Boulevard; from this point the

whole mass seems suspended from the sky. I had not visited this church in many years, and, one day, I determined to do so. One can go in a taxi, but it is very roundabout, and I decided to walk and I started out bravely; when I got to the Place Pigalle I thought I would taxi the rest of the way; but alas, it was the noon hour and all the chauffeurs I hailed were just about to eat their *déjeuner*, so I kept on walking. Presently I came to a steep flight of steps — and steps are to me as difficult as the way to Heaven — and I balked. An old Frenchwoman, seeing my trouble, remarked, "Monsieur will perhaps take the *funiculaire*," pointing it out to me. Without a doubt I would, but I spoke too soon, for when I got there I found a little notice reading, *Le funiculaire ne marche pas pour cause de* — something, *je ne sais quoi.* Maybe the railway had gone to lunch too. At any rate, I continued my climb until I reached the top, by which time I was tired and hungry — but one is never hungry very long in Paris. Right on the top of Montmartre is a tiny and very old-fashioned square, the Place du Tertre. It is very small, but more than a dozen fair-to-middling restaurants are in and all around it. To cut short discussion, once again you order chicken: it comes on the table hot, innocent of grease, delicious; and, of course, you have peas, and a salad and cheese, and, needless to say, a bottle of wine. The square itself is the last stronghold of the Montmartre artists, those

who refused to emigrate to Montparnasse. They have renamed the square and hold sway over it, having formed a government of the *Commune du libre Montmartre.* While they have undoubtedly commercialized their appearance in view of tourist patronage, yet their baggy corduroy trousers and flowing ties take one back to the days of Mimi and give an undeniable air to the place. The chief charm of the square, however, is in its associations with the opera *Louise.*




*One is never hungry very long in Paris*

Here Louise must have spent happy days in one of the cottages with its tiny garden and a rabbit hutch, which still survives, and here she was

crowned Queen of Montmartre. How much more real are Mimi and Louise than the girls one sees flitting across the Place! But the Place du Tertre looks poor and sordid in the daylight: it does not begin to function properly until the evening: stroll then around and see the distant lights of Paris twinkling and burning just as they do in the back drop of a metropolitan performance of *Louise*.

But my chief object in climbing to the top of Montmartre was not to get half a chicken and a bottle of wine, but to see the church, which is indeed magnificent. The churches in Paris are not too interesting; for the most part they are very large and dirty and neglected. The superb cathedral of Notre Dame is, of course, in a class by itself, but I get no thrill out of Saint-Eustache, or Saint-Roch, or the Madeleine, or a hundred others. I except always Saint-Étienne-du-Mont, with its fascinating rood loft, totally unlike anything else I know. But, in any event, I prefer churches to museums; to loiter in an old church, its architecture mellowed by age, to watch in its dim religious light men and women come and drop upon their knees and for a few moments repose their souls, — if that is what they do, — is to me preferable to hoofing it over the hard floors of any picture gallery or museum whatever.

As one descends from the plateau where the church is one passes through Montmartre proper — or, rather, very improper. Here are the "naked shows"

for which it is famous, great gaudy theatres full of sparkle and noise which passes as music, and countless noisome little places of amusement where groups of miserable, sexless degenerates with affected good humor attempt the entertainment of innumerable innocents abroad who, upon returning home, tell weird and also true tales of the sights of Paris. Time was when the French enjoyed what we used to call comic opera. Who shall tell me of the delights of Offenbach — do I not know them? How well do I remember his gay and tuneful *Grande Duchesse*, in which Lillian Russell, the magnificent, made such a success, and *La Belle Hélène* and *Madame Favart* and *La Princesse de Trebizonde*, in which my old friend Francis Wilson first made the reputation which reached its height in *Erminie*. Shall I be challenged if I say that the genius of French women is for neither singing nor dancing? There are outstanding exceptions, of course, but what man (other than a Frenchman) in his sober senses would prefer the French *cancan* to the English skirt dance, or the strident, nasal French song to a delicious English melody? Was it not Miss Vokes, the last of the famous family, who in this country sang and danced "Or Thereabout," years ago, in *The Quaker Girl?* It was Gracie Leigh who did it in London.

Paris is the best of cities,
  Every shop — is tiptop!
You can buy such pretty-pretties,
  Or a hat — big as that!

And at the kiosks on sale
  Are the *Telegraph* and *Daily Mail.*
As you walk along the Champs Élysées,
  Or the Avenue de l'Opéra,
Or thereabout,
  You can buy French papers too,
With pictures of the sort of girls
  I don't exactly care about —
Don't care about.
  What they say about them is in French,
Of course, that I cannot make out;
  But I guess just what it means,
Or thereabout.

If you pine for something smarter
  In the ways — of cafés,
You can go about Montmartre;
  There 's a heap — pretty steep!
You can study Paris life,
  But you 'd better go without your wife.
You go round the Café de l'Abbaye,
  The Chat Noir, or the Café Rat Mort,
Or thereabout.
  All the English who are so respectable
  At home are pretty sure to be
Somewhere about.
You should see them roll about with laughter
  As they clap their hands and shout
When the dancers go like that
    (*with a very high kick*),
Or thereabout!

Though I have n't been here *longtemps,*
  As the gay — French would say,
I have been to *cafés chantants,*
  As one calls — music halls!

I can give the latest news
  Of the pieces that they call *revues!*
When you go inside the Folies-Bergère,
  Or Ambassadeurs or Alcazar,
Or thereabout,
  You will see performances
That set your hair on end,
  Supposing you have any hair about,
Any hair about!
  Girls come on in dresses
That are beautifully made, without a doubt,
  But they 're cut low in the neck
    (*pointing to the waist*),
Or thereabout!

Once when I was out of luck I had an *outside* room in the Grand Hotel, overlooking the Rue Scribe, and it was my fancy sometimes, about midnight, to go out on the balcony and look up the Rue Mogador towards Montmartre and watch the fleet of taxis coming swiftly down from that district to be absorbed in the traffic beyond the Opera House, and I always suspected that in every one of those taxis a girl was being hugged, not as she never was before, but as she had been last night and would be again to-morrow night — if she had luck. I hasten to say that this idea is not my own: I got it from a book, or rather a play, *Engaged*, by W. S. Gilbert, in which the landlord of a country inn remarks, to himself, as a phaëton disappears over the brow of a hill, "He 's got his arm around her waist, if I know anything of human nature — in a cab." And with this thought I re-

entered my room, switched off the light, and fell asleep to dream that the Watch and Ward Society of Boston was endeavoring, through its Paris office, to smash its way into every taxi to discover how much every girl was being hugged — and why.

For an expenditure of a few francs one may sit for hours on a comfortable chair in front of any one of many of the cafés of Paris, slowly sipping tiny glasses of excellent liquor, meditating upon the vanity of human wishes; watching, meantime, the most interesting procession in the world — the ceaseless panorama of the boulevards. Where do they come from, all these people? Where are they going to? They seem to be the same people you saw forty years ago, only differently appareled. The mincing grisette hurrying to no particular place to keep an appointment which has not been made — what efforts she has made to dress herself in the latest mode! She whom, in former days, we have seen with

> . . . lifted silken skirt
> Advertise dainties through the dirt

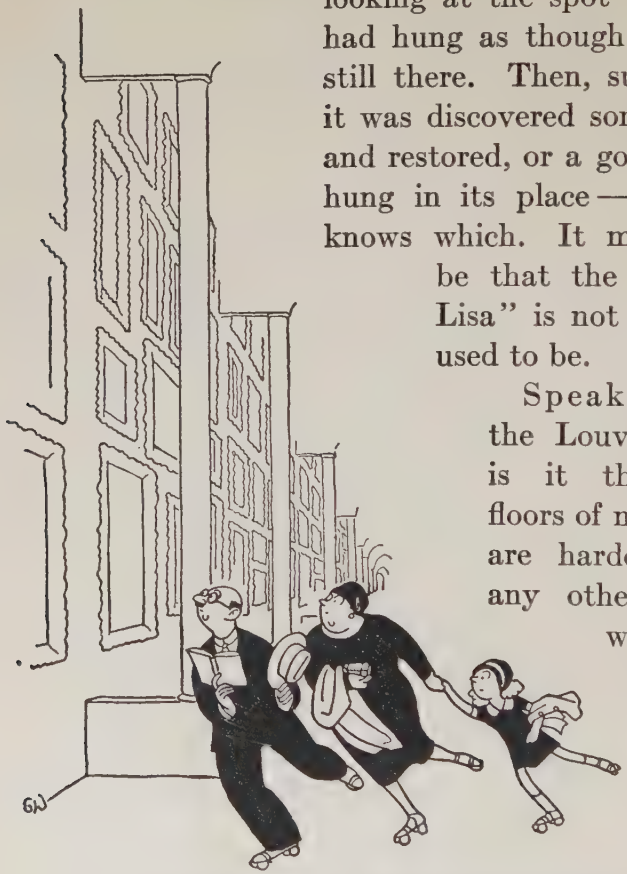
has now lifted her skirts to her knees, permanently, it would seem; so this no longer attracts attention. No, it is the young men who fascinate me: young men with their ill-fitting trousers and flowing black cravats which almost entirely conceal shirts which will never be white again, or the absence of shirts altogether. And their hats! Hats which pass quite

unnoticed in Paris would occasion a riot in New York. And in the cafés and on the pavements in front of them, how quickly a chance meeting ripens into an acquaintance, and acquaintance into love; and with what complete abandon do they finally embrace and kiss each other! The hygienic fashion which the "Bryn Martyr" seeks to set, of kissing, when it must be done, through a pane of glass, finds few followers in Paris.

What has become, I wonder, of the dead and gone horse-drawn omnibuses which, forty years ago, used to ply the boulevard between the Madeleine and the Place de la Bastille? My old friend, the late George C. Boldt, once owned a large picture which always interested me: it hung, for many years, back of the bar of the little old Bellevue of blessed memory, in Philadelphia, now alas! absorbed — and lost — in a great caravansary which shall be nameless. It showed an omnibus of the eighteen-eighties, a great, heavy, lumbering vehicle, coming directly towards one, drawn by three superb horses: the foreshortening was excellent; the middle horse was very upright, — if a horse can be upright, — the near horse leaned to the left, the off well to the right. It was not so much a picture as a document. Value aside, I would rather own this picture than the "Mona Lisa," that much-advertised, simpering lady, which disappeared one day from the Louvre: someone stole it, or borrowed it and forgot to return it —

it made no difference: people crowded to the place where it had been and got just as much pleasure looking at the spot where it had hung as though it were still there. Then, suddenly, it was discovered somewhere and restored, or a good copy hung in its place — no one knows which. It may well be that the "Mona Lisa" is not what it used to be.

Speaking of the Louvre, why is it that the floors of museums are harder than any other floors whatever,



*I should provide the visitors with roller skates*

and slippier? The Louvre, with the exception of the Vatican at Rome, is the most fatiguing place in the whole world. Its size is beyond belief, and the ex-

hibits, especially the pictures, are so arranged as to make it necessary for one to pass through acres of canvas before one reaches the masterpieces he wants to see. If I were the custodian of a museum, I should provide visitors with roller skates, which would enable people who want to say they have "done" the Louvre — or what not — to clean it up in half an hour; or wheel chairs might be provided in which one could be propelled by men to whom fatigue is unknown. I suspect that the fatigue which overtakes one in a great museum is due largely to the poor arrangement of the exhibits. A plan some day will be devised by which each separate object will not rise out of its setting and strike you a blow in the face, as it were. It may well be that they will order this matter better in the great Art Museum now approaching completion in Philadelphia, the dream come true of Mr. Eli K. Price, who, through good or ill report, pursues the even tenor of his way and accomplishes the wonders for which he should ever be held in grateful remembrance.

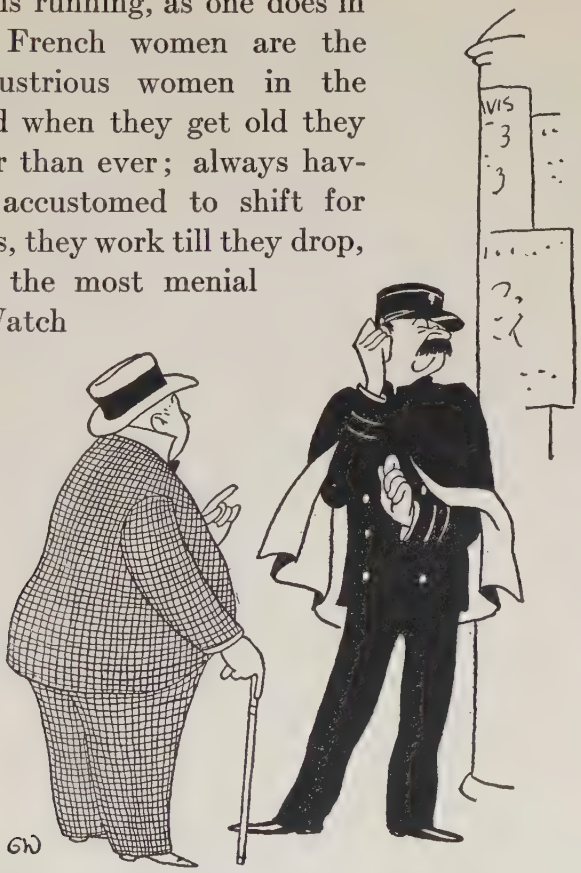
I was interrupted one day in my meditation by a friend who said he supposed I was watching Paris — female Paris, that is — put its best foot forward, to which I replied that I had n't noticed any particularly good feet being put forward. The fact is, French women can't walk — in the English sense. They have stout legs and bad feet; high heels have caused French feet to be thrown forward, with the

result that they have become very broad. An American woman cannot easily be fitted with a shoe in Paris — at least, so I am told. But if French women don't exercise and can't walk, I have nevertheless great admiration for them — they are the backbone of the nation. While the men sit around and talk politics, the women work, and with keen intelligence. The Frenchman has always been a pampered animal, and since the war, when practically everyone of military age went to the front and got killed, those that survived have become worse than ever. There are two or three marriageable girls in France to every man, and no girl can get a husband without a dot, and where is the dot to come from? The savings of the people have largely been swept away.[1] I suspect that three girls out of every five in Paris are playing Louise without Charpentier's music.

A hard blow was struck at the grisettes of Paris when nice American and English girls decided to adopt their style of dress and manners. They resent the assumption by the women of the world, not of their profession, but of their manners and of their style of dressing; the behavior of the American girl in Paris is, they say, "shocking"; where a French girl smokes one cigarette, an English or an American girl consumes ten. And, except on Sundays, one

[1] This was written several years ago; they are very rich now, I hear. You don't have to hand it to the French, they take it.

never sees long queues of women waiting at eleven o'clock in the morning to get into a theatre where a silly play is running, as one does in London. French women are the most industrious women in the world, and when they get old they toil harder than ever; always having been accustomed to shift for themselves, they work till they drop, finally at the most menial offices. Watch them in a



*I speak a French at which strong men weep*

French theatre. By now they have become veritable harpies; anyone who gets between them and a tip of a franc, or half a franc, will get hurt; but give them

what they are entitled to — and it isn't much — and they are very thankful, poor dears.

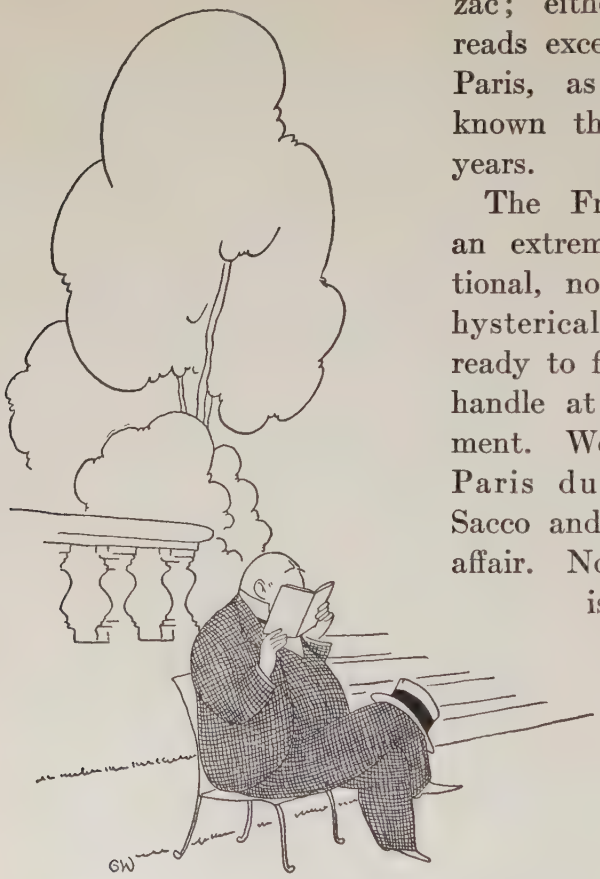
It never seems quite right to me that children and poor miserable men and women in the streets of Paris should speak French so beautifully, while I, with all my good fortune and intelligence, speak it so miserably. I understand almost nothing that is said to me, but I speak it fluently enough. I speak a French at which strong men weep; I murder it; I cause the streets to run with blood — no new thing in Paris. I have a small vocabulary, and my verbs have but one tense, which is neither present, past, nor future, but irregular in the extreme sense of that word; however, it serves my purpose and is better than a Frenchman's English. The French do not care a hoot either for us or for our language. You will frequently find in shops which cater almost altogether to the American trade a man or a woman without a word of English. But they are wiser than we in that they do not rush so; they take time to live, and they have a special instinct for finding out what their own business is and minding it. France is a free country, literally that; the French are permitted to live their own lives and are expected to take care of themselves. They have no passion for uplift or reform, and such men as Carnegie or Rockefeller are not understood by them; withal they are the best-educated people in Europe, and those who think of the Parisian as sophisticated, always eating

of forbidden fruit, should watch the men play croquet in the Luxembourg Gardens. And I can sit for hours and watch the French boys and girls play tennis; they are not hampered by rules, as we are; seemingly they have no net and no bounds, but the game provides amusement, exercise, and companionship even if emulation is lacking.

In all important matters the French are more serious and farseeing than we. Take the matter of selecting a wife: we select our wives with scarcely more thought than we give to the selection of a cravat. In France the sobering judgments of the girl's father and the boy's father are considered, and a "marriage of convenience" is more likely to end happily than one marched into to the tune of "I don't know where I 'm going, but I 'm on my way." (Reno papers please copy.)

Paris is a city of light: to say that it is the most beautiful city in the world is but to repeat a commonplace. Old Paris, of which the Musée Carnavalet is the centre, simply overflows with history; indeed, the word is interchangeable with the word "romance." Modern Paris is out toward the Arc and far beyond; the Parc Monceau is very lovely and the Jardin des Tuileries is superb, but my favorite spot is the Jardin du Luxembourg, where there is always something to watch. I watched one day that wonderful thing, the way of a man with a maid, until his love-making became so ardent that I was forced

to move my chair and bury myself in the book I was reading — I forget whether it was Hugo or Balzac; either author reads excellently in Paris, as I have known these forty years.



*I was forced to bury myself in my book*

The French are an extremely emotional, not to say hysterical, people, ready to fly off the handle at any moment. We were in Paris during the Sacco and Vanzetti affair. Now if there is a man that a Frenchman hates worse than an Englishman, it is an Italian; yet the press and a few agitators got the French so stirred up over the execution of two Italian

murderers that one might have supposed that a group of French angels were being done to death by a mob of devils. The night after the news of the execution reached Paris large groups in ugly mood formed in the streets and the police knew that they were in for trouble. In the Boulevard de Sébastopol and the Rue Réaumur, crowds bent on mischief gathered. Visitors to Paris will remember that on many of the wide streets there are trees planted, and in order that moisture may reach the roots of the trees there are circular iron grids or gratings formed of relatively small sectors around their trunks, which, when taken up and wielded by two or three angry men, form excellent hammers. A tap with one of these iron hammers against a big plate-glass window instantly brings the window in fragments to the ground. What fun! And then there were the contents of the windows themselves. In less time than it takes to tell it, all the windows were smashed on both sides of several busy streets, and the mob was really getting the upper hand when the mounted police, who had been guarding the American Embassy, put in an appearance, and in a short time the crowd was dispersed. But it was in an ugly mood. Why? Why should a lot of French shoe and clothing shops be rifled in Paris because two Italian criminals had been executed in America? That is exactly the question the proprietors of these shops asked themselves; and there was no satisfac-

tory answer. Trouble was feared with the coming of the second night, but just then someone had the bright idea of telling the crowd that some agitator had spat upon the tomb of the Unknown Soldier who rests under the Arc de Triomphe, and the emotion of the mob was turned in another direction; quiet was restored, and Sacco and Vanzetti were no more thought of.

It was rather distressing to an American to observe the way in which this disgraceful case was presented in practically the whole European press. The fact is — as was admitted some time since by an English journalist — that "a disgraced, impoverished, and humiliated Europe loses no chance of scoring off America." When anything goes wrong over here, Europe is delighted, we are entirely without friends; and something went very wrong in the management of the Sacco and Vanzetti case. In Italy these men would have had no trial at all; in France or in England, on the evidence submitted, they would have been convicted and promptly disposed of; but in the United States, thanks to the miserable administration of the law and the power of money, the men were given a chance to pose as martyrs. And at last we were made to figure before the world as a nation in which no innocent man could feel secure of his life. It is not often that I find myself in accord with Senator Borah, our Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, — who has qualified for this

position by never going beyond the borders of this country, — but I entirely agree that it would have been a national humiliation and a shameless, cowardly compromise for us to pay the slightest attention to mob protests either at home or abroad.

I am not, and I do not pretend to be, in any respect better than my kind, but I get no "kick," as the saying is, out of what is called the night life of Paris. There are a great many naughty places in Paris, and when one speaks of them to the Parisian he is invariably told that these places are chiefly patronized by foreigners; and no doubt there are people who go to places and do things in Paris that they would never think of doing at home; but with all that, there are always plenty of French people about, and they seem to be enjoying themselves. Indeed, it has always seemed remarkable to me that the French could get any thrill out of many of the entertainments they stage for themselves and for us. I have never been amused — I have frequently been bored to extinction — in the famous night cafés of Montmartre; they may be amusing to one in his childhood, — first or second, as the case may be, — but to an adult in his right mind the affected gayety and abandon are pathetic rather than otherwise.

Paris is always alive and always beautiful. I love to walk in the Place de la Concorde at night to see the electric illumination of the Eiffel Tower, which is beautiful beyond words. It is not merely a crude

blaze of light, as our electric lighting is, but lamps like stars come and go on the tall tower; they change their form and color and die away, and blaze up again and finally take the form of "Citroën," which, in Paris, has the same significance as "Ford" with us. And then, returning to one's hotel, one hears the thud of horses' hoofs and the tinkling of bells, and a line of great two-wheeled carts comes into sight — carts loaded with beautiful vegetables packed with as much taste and skill as though they were destined for a florist's window. Do they come from far, I wonder? I know where they are going — to the Halles, which is the great market place of Paris.

But it is time to go to bed; all is as quiet as it was on that night before Christmas when all through the house not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse — when suddenly in the next room a man begins to use the telephone. Now the French do not use the telephone as a scientific instrument; rather, they use it as if it were a speaking tube; and when my neighbor finally got his party — he was talking to Berlin — and got through his business, I was as much pleased as he was. I suppose there is a worse telephone system than that of Paris, but it can't be much worse, unless, perhaps, in Spain. French numbers, too, are very puzzling to the foreigner; it always bothers a man accustomed to say, "One nine seven," for example, to have to do a little sum in mental arithmetic while talking, and say, "*Cent* (one hundred)

*quatre-vingts* (four twenties) *dix* (that 's ten) *sept* (that 's seven)," and the total is the number you are trying to get. It takes time and adds to the hazard of telephoning; but if you are in a hurry, and your party is only a few miles away, you can take a taxi: they are cheap and rapid.

Just before we reached Paris there was a strike of all the girl telephone operators. They had, seemingly, no special grievance; they merely wanted to show the power of their union or something. Anyhow, they all went on strike one day and stayed out for an hour, then returned; but no one in Paris knew there had been a strike until he read of it next day in the papers — he just thought that the service was a little rottener than usual. But if the telephone system is awful, the Paris subway is the best in the world — after you have learned how to use it, which I never had any keen desire to do. I shall be a long time underground; while I live, let me live on top of the world to see and enjoy the sights of Paris.

## III

### HOUSE-HUNTING IN LONDON

It will be understood at the outset that I knew I was about to do a silly thing, but who can always be wise, or would be if he could? And it will be understood, too, that my wife and I had words about it — not bitter, briny, unforgettable words, but words deep and trenchant nevertheless. She was for the country, while I was for the town: how we compromised and decided upon the — but I must not give away the plot of this little story.

It may be asked why should one want to leave free and prosperous America and go over to settle in a country in which even the rich are not as rich as they seem, and the poor are so very poor that a man of feeling is appalled by the poverty he sees about him: the answer, however, is not far to seek. They know, in England, much better than we how to enjoy life, and our freedom has become a mere tradition — about the only tradition we have. We permit ourselves to be deprived of our rights, and those who complain about it are regarded as not being "100 per cent Americans" — a phrase which, the war over, should have ceased to be. The fact is, we have

invented or developed a form of government in which a man can hardly take part and maintain his self-respect. It is difficult to get good people to vote, whereas the crook votes early and often. When Thomas Jefferson talked, or rather wrote, — for he was no talker, — about all men being created equal, he must have known that he was writing nonsense. Men are not all equal, any more than all animals or all vegetables are: it is not worth while to labor the point; any man not feeding or hoping to feed at the public trough will admit it. And when one is told, as one sometimes is, that Jefferson meant "equal" before the law, then one laughs heartily — if he has not forgotten how. But the subject is too painful.

There is no doubt, however, that if I were elected to work as hard for the next ten years as I have done for the last forty, I should wish to stay where I am, — where labor is bounteously rewarded, — but as a certain amount of leisure seems to be coming my way, it was my idea to go where leisure is understood: in a word, I wanted to go to England, and my wife, who was for the country while I was for the town, was finally persuaded to look at some residences — not flats.

It is important to remember, in speaking of London, that the great city was once a group of little villages, each having characteristics of its own: its own church and shops, its own fashionable quarter, and its own slum. So it is that in modern London

there is no one especially desirable quarter; there are hundreds of desirable quarters. Generally, one lives in the west and north, but I could be very happy in the south, or, for that matter, in the east, within easy reach of Wapping Old Stairs, on the top of which I like to sit and meditate, or look at the River with its varying pageant of shipping, without meditating. On one thing my wife and I were agreed: we did not want to cut any swath in the metropolis; that sort of life we would leave to "Mr. Hoggenheimer of Hoggenheimer House, Park Lane." We thought to live very simply and quietly with not more than three or four servants: as persons in reduced circumstances, as it were. This did not limit our choice of district, but it did mean that we must be satisfied with a small house — no great mansion for us. There are literally thousands of houses in London to be had for the proverbial song (not including taxes); indeed, we found it not a little depressing to walk through certain districts in which almost every house bears a sign: "This valuable freehold property to be sold," or "This property to be let for a term of years." Where had their owners gone? Alas! into tiny cottages in the country or into flats in town.

But we were in search of the picturesque rather than the magnificent, and our thoughts reverted to Jimmy Tregaskis's little Georgian house in Hampstead in the Vale of Health, not far from Well Walk, in which Keats composed "The Eve of St. Agnes,"

to which my old friend had often welcomed us. It was just far enough from the Heath to escape the noise of the crowd on bank holidays: on a clear day one had a distant view of the dome of St. Paul's; and if one wanted a mug of ale "drawn from the wood" it could be had at "Jack Straw's Castle," about half a pint away; while "The Spaniards" was only another half a pint further on. It was Charles Lamb who used to measure his walks by their thirst-creating length; by liquid measure, as it were: about a pint to the mile, as I remember. But the moment Jimmy decided to move nearer to his business, some wise buyer came along and snatched up "this desirable freehold," and it was not to be had.

Hampstead is certainly one of the loveliest parts of London; a century ago it was a not too remote village much frequented by authors and artists in search of quiet and fresh air. Every inch calls to mind some pleasing memory: there once stood a famous tavern, "The Upper Flask," patronized by Pope and Steele and celebrated by Richardson in *Clarissa Harlowe.* To this corner Johnson came with Goldsmith; and to that, Lamb and Coleridge, Keats and Leigh Hunt. It was to "Jack Straw's Castle" that Dickens invited his future biographer, John Forster, to "come for a red-hot chop and a good glass of wine," and it was from the tea gardens of "The Spaniards" that Mrs. Bardell was unsus-

pectingly conducted to Fleet Prison, there to meet and be released by Mr. Pickwick.

Reader, did you ever hear Albert Chevalier sing of Hampstead?

> "Oh, 'Ampstead, 'appy, 'appy 'Ampstead,
> Talk about your paradise,
> All the doners look so nice,
> Oh, 'Ampstead, werry 'ard to beat."

You did? Then you have not forgotten the pagan joy he put into that song: great artist, Chevalier! Several pleasant days were spent house-hunting on the Heath, but nothing came of it: the big houses were too big, the small too small, and the really desirable houses occupied by people who would not be dislodged. Finally we decided to turn our attention to another quarter.

It would, we thought, be pleasant to live within the shadow of St. James's Palace. Only a stone's throw from the Tudor gateway which gives entrance to the Palace is a small square called Pickering Place; few people know of its existence. To Pickering Place we addressed our steps. One might pass the entrance to it a hundred times without knowing it. On one side of the dark oak-lined passage that leads to it are the Messrs. Berry, the wine merchants, with the great beam-scales inside (you may go in and buy a bottle of — anything — and get weighed and have your weight recorded in stones and pounds in a

book; they will show you where the Prince Regent and Charles Lamb, and others, did exactly the same thing); and, on the other, Locks, the hatters, with some remarkable-looking hats of the vintage of 1820 displayed in the windows. But when one finally enters the square, he finds himself in a bit of the eighteenth century, and right in the heart of London. I saw at once that it was going to be difficult or impossible to get foothold in Pickering Place: there are only half a dozen houses in all, and they are, seemingly, occupied by contented and beauty-loving householders, as the buildings, though unimposing, are vine-covered and flowers grow profusely in well-cared-for window boxes. Especially do I congratulate the occupant of Number 5 upon his choice: the brass door plate has been so constantly polished that with difficulty one reads the name "Mr. Curtis Greene" upon it, and learns that he is a Royal Academician. He knows, of course, that in the days of Charles James Fox this was one of the most notorious gambling hells in the town, and that the Honorable Charles dropped a lot of money there: doubtless there are still a lot of golden guineas in the crevices under the floor. How quiet and peaceful is this small paved square with its old-world sundial in the centre! How full of memories this part — every part — of London is! This is its great inexhaustible charm — one can forget the present in the past. As we emerge there is Brooks's, and White's, and

Boodle's, all famous gambling places once, now fashionable clubs.

We were sorry not to get foothold in Pickering Place, for it would be so nice and handy for the Prince of Wales, who lives just across the way, to drop in on us for an informal cup of tea — or something stronger — any afternoon when he might be feeling lonely. And there was another reason why it would have just suited me. It is only two minutes' walk from Stable Yard (what queer names they have in London! — and they never change them), in which stands Stafford House, which has been renamed Lancaster House, now the London Museum: a place I love. I visited it first on the day it opened, years ago, and I have spent many hours in it since. Everything in it has been collected from the square twenty miles or so which is now London, which is and will ever be the homestead of the noble race that calls itself English. And there was yet another reason why we were sorry to leave the purlieus of St. James's. When my grandchildren (whom I have taught to call me cousin — I think it 's much more refined for a man of my age to have cousins than grandchildren) come to visit me, I could have taken them down to guard-change at Buckingham Palace, only a short distance away, teaching them meanwhile some little poem from *When We Were Very Young*, the best book of verses for children ever written. But we 're on our way to Buckingham Palace, —

Christopher Robin went down with Alice.
A face looked out, but it was n't the King's.
"He 's much too busy a-signing things,"
Says Alice.

I could begin at the beginning and recite the whole book, but that would lead me to the King's Breakfast, and

I 'm not at the bottom,
I 'm not at the top;
So this is the stair
Where
I always
Stop.

We were house-hunting, and we next went to the Adelphi, that interesting bit which lies between the Strand and the Thames, not far east of Charing Cross. Garrick lived on the terrace overlooking the river; his house is now the Savage Club. Years ago Joe Pennell had a charming flat at the top of a building not far away, which was so located that one could look up the river to Westminster and down the river to London Bridge, but in a moment of irritation — and such moments were not unusual with Joe — he said he would give it up; whereupon Sir James Barrie took it, and Pennell remained, for this and other reasons, in a temper until the day of his death. But he was a great artist and I regret his passing. I think if we could have dispossessed Sir James we should have taken his flat, and we might, perchance,

maybe, one day have met his neighbor, George Bernard Shaw, who lives just across the street: which might have been a pleasure, but more likely would not have been. I fancy we should have found him a bit too candid, —

> But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
> Save, save, oh save me from the candid friend!

Perhaps as he gets older he will take a page out of Dr. Johnson's book and be "willing to call a man a good man on easier terms than heretofore."

Being by now in a flat-hunting mood, the next day we turned our attention to the Albany: York House it was originally called, after that martial son of George III who distinguished himself by marching his army up a hill, then marching it down again. This historic event was regarded as sufficient to cause a statue of him to be erected (by public subscription) upon a tall column at the bottom of Regent Street — "high up," we are told, "well out of reach of his creditors." Many of my readers will remember the Albany, that fine old mansion facing upon a small square a few minutes' walk west on Piccadilly from the Circus: Sir Squire Bancroft, who lived a retired life after the death of his lady some time ago, resided, until his death, on the ground floor to the left as one enters. Using the mansion as a thoroughfare and passing through, one enters a long covered walk from which, by short paths, one enters a sub-

stantial building in which are chambers, let to gentlemen, sometimes with their wives; but as gentlemen prefer blondes, so the Albany seems to prefer bachelors. In these chambers countless authors have lived and moved and had their being. The

*" Lord Macaulay found it entirely satisfactory, Madam "*

drawing-rooms are sumptuous, but the "household offices" do not appeal to ladies, and the plumbing is archaic. "Lord Macaulay found it entirely satisfactory, madam," we were told upon my wife's making objection. Byron lived here, and Bulwer — but why call the roll? A hundred years ago almost every literary man of note lived a part, perhaps the happiest part, of his life in the Albany, and I think

with all my books and household gods about me I could spend my declining years very comfortably in such echoing surroundings; but I soon saw that it was not to be, took defeat gracefully, and said, "Let's go to Chelsea."

If it were not for the mists and fogs which come rolling in from the river, Chelsea would be an ideal place of residence. One never tires of the Thames, for, as John Burns says, the river has made London. To one accustomed to the St. Lawrence or the Hudson or the Mississippi the Thames is a small stream, but *it has the goods* and to watch the ebb and flow is a contemplative man's recreation.

George Eliot lived in Chelsea, and Carlyle, and Rossetti, and Wilde, and Whistler. But we Americans, accustomed to our overheated houses, suffer extremely from the chill and penetrating dampness which pervade the English house during the fall and winter, and which a handful of smouldering coals in an open fireplace can hardly be expected to dissipate. So we did not consider a charming house in Cheyne Walk very seriously, but, the weather being warm, we did poke about very pleasantly for an entire day, and were almost induced by the charm of Chelsea Old Church to become parishioners; however, I reminded my wife that we were not very good churchgoers, were very critical in the matter of sermons, and that our friends would think us "balmy" if we told them that we had been influenced in the choice of a house by

its proximity to a church, even if it once was Sir Thomas More's.

Then we decided to look at Queen Anne's Gate, which we had first discovered, years ago, during a midnight ramble. One of the pleasantest walks one can take in London of a clear moonlight night — and they have such — is through St. James's Street and the Mall, and across the bridge which is suspended over the ornamental water in St. James's Park. Standing about the middle of the bridge, in front of you, rising out of the darkness and seemingly suspended in mid-air, are the towers and turrets and minarets of that group of public buildings which face upon Whitehall and Parliament Street, while behind you, in a blaze of artificial light, are the Victoria Memorial and Buckingham Palace. "Earth has not anything to show more fair," and it is quite accidental — not studied, as such a vista would be in Paris. Continuing one's walk over the bridge and through the well-kept park, one crosses Birdcage Walk and enters a lovely district known as Queen Anne's Gate. For ten tourists reasonably at home in Chelsea, only one knows of the quaint charm of this forgotten quarter. Forgotten! By whom? Certainly not by a man who knows his London. A street with more charm than Old Queen Street hardly exists; it leads to a small square once called Queen Anne Square, which is very elegant indeed. When this district was laid out, in the days of Queen Anne, always

called the "Good," — why, a cultivated lady once explained to me, — its residents, fearful that carriages on their way to Ranelagh would disturb their quiet, erected a stone wall and an iron railing across one end of the square, thus making it "no thoroughfare." Wall and railing have long since been removed, without imperiling, it would seem, the quiet and dignity of the neighborhood. One of the features of this exclusive quarter is that the houses on one side of Old Queen Street have, so to speak, two fronts; one front is upon the street, while the back-front, as it is called, opens upon gardens in Birdcage Walk and overlooks St. James's Park. My friend Lewis Hind, the distinguished author of many charming books, occupies one of these happily disposed houses, and once when I dined with him tried to convince me of the wisdom of becoming a neighbor; but when he told me what distinguished company he was in, I thought that I might be regarded as an intruder, with the Marquis of Bute on one side of me and Lord Ribblesdale on the other. But I need not have worried; neither of these men would have known of my existence had I lived on their doorstep. Of Lord Ribblesdale's death I read not long ago, and I thought of the superb portrait of him by Sargent which once hung in the National Gallery, but has now been removed to the Tate. There he stands, in riding costume, a gentleman and a sportsman, breeding and refinement radiating from his

keen but kindly face. He was Master of the King's Buckhounds when he died, but I am told that his duties were not arduous and that he died from natural causes. Of the Marquis of Bute, *Who's Who* tells me that he is John Crighton-Stuart, and his income is derived, in part, from one hundred and seventeen thousand acres of land in Scotland. It is men of his type who suffered most from the great war and its effects. Aristocratic, wealthy, haughty, they hardly knew whence their wealth was derived. Their investments were made for them by their solicitors or their agents; all that they had to do was to live and spend money. They had a fine mansion in London which they occupied for a few weeks during the season, magnificent estates in the country, and a shooting box in Scotland. They traveled and shot big game; they rode to hounds, and they lived, not dangerously, nor yet like a lily of the field, but rather like a good, sound vegetable. They were what they were; everyone knew all about them, not only to the third and fourth generation, but to the thirteenth. If there was anything that these men disliked more than an American, it was a newly created peer. "Ah, my lord," said one of them, not seeing the outstretched hand of a man who was approaching him, "I know you are distinguished for making something, but I never can remember what." Alas! the English country gentleman and his lady and their children are suffering; wealth pours in

upon them no more: they have sold their books, their pictures, their places, and now their houses and lands are being taxed out of existence.

Returning to Old Queen Street, after this digression, one sees a statue of Queen Anne dressed in her robes of state with her sceptre and orb in her hands. This

*Although we visited her square again and again, she remained immovable*

statue was, two centuries ago, erected upon a pedestal at the corner of one of the houses which projects somewhat into the street, and the story goes that at midnight the good lady descends from her pedestal and strolls about the square to see that

all is as it should be; but while we were in London, although we visited her square again and again, she remained immovable. Poor lady! although she littered children like rabbits (she had seventeen of 'em), they all died, and with her the Stuart line came to an end.

We turned our backs reluctantly on this charming and quiet spot, which the twentieth century seems hardly to have touched: occasionally, to be sure, a motor car turns swiftly into the square, but of the awful tooting of horns and sounding of klaxons which accompany locomotion in this country there was absolutely none.

It would, of course, have been possible, by turning all our securities into cash, for us to have taken a house in a much finer quarter; in, say, St. James's Square, which, it seems to me, is the most exclusive and aristocratic spot in London. But we could have remained there only for a year or two; by that time our funds would have been exhausted, and we should have had to begin life over again — at the bottom; and we questioned the wisdom of this. It would have been very nice if the Duchess of Norfolk, who lives in the corner house, had taken us up, but if she had not — what then? One is never so lonely as in a crowd. Into a certain sort of English society, and, in a way, very good society too, one can get as easily as into the stalls of a theatre, if one has the price. One has only to play a pretty stiff game of

bridge — badly, as I should be sure to do. Fifty years ago the game was "poker," and we salesmen used to call the sport then so much in vogue "playing a customer's game." But into what may be called the best society an American cannot get at any price, unless one marries into it, and I am not of the right sex to take on the job. Who ever heard of an American man marrying an English girl? Though I, for one, think I shall some day; for, as a class, I believe them to be less spoiled and better comrades than our own highly protected product.

Interspersed with our house-hunting, we drank tea — oceans of tea. When is it not "time for tea" in England? And the question always arose, where? Should we go to Rumpelmeyer's in St. James's, or to Buszard's, or Stewart's at the corner of Bond Street and Piccadilly? I prefer Stewart's as less foreign, — more English, — and there is a long leathern bench in the Bond Street window, where, if one is lucky, one can get a seat; and the tall young Englishwoman will remember that we want "China tea," without asking. What experiences she must have had during the war, poor thing! But, as she once said to us, "We are a sturdy race and shall survive." No doubt about it.

There is another fine quarter just back of the Langham Hotel, once much frequented by Americans but now become "residential" and "British," but

we found it rather too stately and gloomy for our taste. This part of London was laid out by the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. It was his wish that the park which bears his name should be connected with his residence, Carlton House, and Regent Street was the result. The undertaking was entrusted to John Nash, an architect, whose work was monotonous but had a dignity which we have come to look upon as English. Nash's Regent Street has entirely disappeared; I am sorry that it has, for the new Regent Street has no character of its own, although it is rather magnificent. One age destroys what a former created, and calls it "progress"; it is not always so. It is to Nash that we owe the stucco that covers so many of London's houses; under his influence it became the rage, and this finish was applied alike to all buildings, old or new. Fine old brick surfaces, mellowed and discolored by time, were plastered over to be in the fashion, and London is only now beginning to escape from the character imposed upon it by the Regent's favorite. Nash's penchant gave rise to the epigram: —

Augustus at Rome was for
building renown'd,
And of marble he left what
of brick he had found,
But is not our Nash, too, a very
great master?
He found us all brick and he
leaves us all plaster.

But houses of Nash's time are as out of date as a bustle: they are magnificent, in a way, but too large and inconvenient to suit the needs of the present generation. To man them, an immense staff of servants, ready and willing to spend twelve or fourteen hours a day climbing interminable flights of stairs, is required. It is not difficult to understand why the houses in Portland Place go a-begging. Would not an elevator and a telephone help matters? They would; but have you ever used a "lift" or an "interior" telephone in London? They are still regarded by some as nuisances rather than the great conveniences that they are.

About this time, Tinker, — dear old Tink, — of Yale, turned up in London, and we informed him of our plan and insisted upon his help. But all that we found while working together was a wonderful "pub." It was while we were poking into little odd nooks and corners of the town, east of Temple Gardens, that late one night we stumbled upon the finest public house in London — so fine that we feel we have no right to keep our discovery to ourselves. Let the announcement then be made that when a man has raised a thirst it is no longer necessary that he should ship himself somewhere east of Suez: he has only to go to "The Black Friar" at 174 Queen Victoria Street. There he will find something that will astonish him. Some man — his name to me unknown — commissioned an architect, H. Fuller-

Clark, to build for him a thirst-satisfying emporium such as I believe exists nowhere else out of the *Arabian Nights*. It is a small establishment, divided, like Gaul, into three parts. One is a taproom, partaking, except in its form and decoration, of the nature of an ordinary public house; the next is a "Ladies' Bar"! and the third, and most gorgeous room, is the "Saloon Bar." All are built of varicolored marbles and mosaic in which are set panels decorated, in high or low relief, with drinking scenes and mottoes full of humor, but in perfect taste. It is a rich man's whim. "My master does not drink himself," confided to us Mrs. Halliwell, the "Manageress," "but when 'e taikes me to the raices, as 'e sometimes does, hit 's always a pint of champagne for me while 'e 'as 'is lemonade; h'I 've a good master, and h'I serves 'im as well as h'I know 'ow." No doubt she does; and she will serve you well, too. Reader, when you are next in that part of London, call on my friend, the "Manageress"; don't be afraid. Have a glass of white port; it will only cost you sixpence, and you will take away a pleasant memory — always a good thing to do. Curiously, I have never yet met a Londoner who knew of the existence of "The Black Friar."

I have always had a warm spot in my heart for Leigh Hunt, and his two books on London, *The Town* and *The Old Court Suburb*, are two of the pleasantest books I know. It was while rereading

this latter that we decided to do a day's house-hunting in the neighborhood of Kensington Palace. With a little more wealth at our disposal, or a little less judgment, we should, I think, have taken one of those fine mansions in the Palace Gardens. How delightfully located they are, overlooking the quaint old palace with its memories of Anne and William and Mary. Leigh Hunt is quite right when he says that Windsor is a place to receive monarchs in, Buckingham to see fashion in, but Kensington is the place to drink tea in. Queen Anne died and Queen Victoria was born in this palace, which owes much of its charm to Sir Christopher Wren. And it was especially lucky in escaping the plastering attentions of John Nash.

Half a dozen large, fine houses overlooking Kensington Palace are, or were, obtainable; they are just a pleasant distance from one's club in Piccadilly, assuming that one could secure membership in a desirable club, which is by no means certain. The walks in London in every direction are fascinating; in our cities one wants to hurry from one part to another with one's eyes shut. In London, every street, every nook and corner, teems with interest. Now we are passing the Naval and Military Club, familiarly known as the "In and Out Club," from the words on its gateposts; it was formerly the residence of Lord Palmerston. Old Q., the scamp, lived further on. That great mansion is the town

house of the Rothschilds. Now we approach Apsley House. E. V. Lucas says that were a letter to be addressed to "No. 1, London," it would be delivered at Apsley House. It was the gift of the nation to the great Duke of Wellington, and if one walks far enough one comes upon Holland Park with its famous house, where, a hundred years ago, politics and literature flourished as nowhere else, in the time of Macaulay.

But we were getting just a little tired of house-hunting in London; my wife was insistent upon the country, but before going we took one last look at some houses in Park Row — not Park Lane: that 's a very different matter. The similarity of names in London is very confusing: there are streets, and rows, and terraces, and gardens, all of the same name, and "Duke" streets are scattered all over the place. Park Lane is the acme of swelldom. Park Row is a tiny street back of my friend Sir Algernon Tudor-Craig's marvelous heraldic china shop, situated at 100 Knightsbridge. Up a narrow court, which widens as it goes, is a cluster of charming little houses, any one of which would have suited us, but Number 6 was our first choice. Here again, as in Old Queen Street, some of the houses had two fronts, one looking down the narrow street upon the turmoil and traffic of Knightsbridge just before it becomes Kensington Road; the other overlooks Hyde Park. "It might

be a little noisy," said my wife. "But we can see swelldom riding in Rotten Row from the back-front windows," said I; "it might improve my style to ride in the Park of a morning." "No doubt it would," replied my wife, "but if I rode as you do I should prefer to do it where no one would see me." This I thought a little unkind; for, although my theory is perfect, due to a course in horsemanship which I took by correspondence, — and for which my word, supported by a diploma, is sufficient evidence, — for personal reasons I never stay on a horse's back for more than a few moments. "Well, if you can get Number 6, with its tiny garden, I shall be satisfied," said my lady. I fancy she knew that it would be impossible. And so it proved to be. "Not to be had for love or money," said the estate agent to whom we applied; "the people who occupy it are very rich, are only in London occasionally, and don't want to go to a hotel when they are." That settled the matter.

Throughout our house-hunting, something told me that we should ultimately settle in the country; but I was sorry to give up the idea of living in London. It is a man's city: in every way and always one's comfort is considered there as it is nowhere else in the world. The Englishman has given much thought to the matter of living, and we could hardly do better than imitate him. But if I were a woman I should wish to go to America and be spoiled. Men

are scarce in England; so many of them gave their lives for their country in the war, and husbands are at a premium. Fancy how pleased a girl is — she gets two new frocks a year — when she hears that a fine young fellow on whom she has had her eye "is going to marry an American!" And all Americans are rich. And they spoil their wives. Employment in London is hard to find: "typists" receive starvation wages, and servants revolt from spending hours on their knees polishing other people's brasses; they would much prefer to be powdering their noses, poor dears. Is it any wonder that Mrs. Warren's profession — the oldest profession in the world — is so generously recruited in London?

## IV

### HOUSE-HUNTING IN THE COUNTRY

I FELT from the start that my wife was going to have her own way; it was the old story of the compromise on linen sheets. But when we decided to carry our explorations into the country I insisted that the job should be done thoroughly. For years I had done a certain amount of house-hunting in the pages of *Country Life*, but this was to be a different matter. It 's one thing to turn the advertising pages of a well-printed, well-illustrated magazine, but it 's quite another to go scouting all over England upon the more or less prejudiced suggestion of an estate agent. House-hunting in a magazine is gently stimulating and at the same time restful. Lighting a cigar, you say to yourself, "This is going to be my busy day," whereupon you throw yourself into an easy-chair and listlessly turn the pages until you come upon something like this, under a fascinating picture: —

FOR SALE: Freehold. Lewston Manor, Dorset. Some 1083 Acres, Mainly Pasture, Considerable Woodland, and Beautiful Timbered Park. The Estate comprises the ENTIRE PARISH OF LEWESTON, of which the owner is Lay Rector, with a most attractive Private

Chapel (about 1600 A.D., old oak, etc.) near to the House. Owner is also LORD OF THE MANOR. Fine Georgian House, facing due south, about 400 Ft. above Sea Level. Three handsome reception rooms (en suite), two or three others, billiard room, about 20 principal bed and dressing and five bathrooms, excellent servants' accommodation and offices. Most efficient central heating. Entirely modern drainage (certified annually) and automatic supply of spring water. HUNTING practically every day. GOOD SHOOTING, might be largely increased. POLO AND GOLF NEAR.

One muses to oneself. That sounds pretty good. The owner automatically becomes a lay rector. No examinations into qualifications or anything. Carries with it the right to preach, no doubt; and I 'll be blistered if I cannot preach about as well as any rector I have ever heard discourse from a Church of England pulpit. And I have spent more money on Bibles than all the preachers you and I know put together. I wonder, shall I be called on to marry anybody? I know the rules of that game, too. Does not the "Table of Kindred and Affinity," "wherein whoever are related are forbidden in Scripture to marry together," hang, suitably framed, in all our guest chambers at home, and are these rules not rigorously enforced? It saves a lot of trouble for a man to be told plainly that he may not marry his grandmother, and a woman that it is useless for her to cast longing eyes upon her daughter's daughter's husband; no such goings-on in our house: we must draw the line somewhere.

"Hunting practically every day." That sounds fine: one's ecclesiastical duties done, one slips off one's cassock, and lo! one is in pink. One flings oneself upon one's horse and gallops off to the meet, careless that he arrives upon a tired animal, for has not his man, several hours before, gone on with a led horse which shall be quite fresh at the moment of starting? "Good shooting," too, which "might be largely increased." "Polo and golf near." Golf is a bit too sedentary for me, but polo I love. No fishing, I observe, but one can't have everything; I suppose one could lease a fiord in Norway or somewhere. But, on the whole, I don't think the place will do. It 's too big — too much responsibility; something smaller would suit me better. And turning the pages further one comes across this, also under a charming picture: —

Between Chiddingfold & Haslemere. A unique Old-World Cottage Residence, A.D. 1453, charmingly situated and containing Hall, Drawing Room, Dining Room, Seven Bedrooms. Acetylene Gas. Pretty Gardens of Two-and-a-Half Acres. Fine View.

Just the thing, but that it lacks every convenience. There are no bathrooms, no hot water "laid on," no heating of any kind; merely an old, a very old house, — damp as a vault, doubtless, — and a view. I like the situation: I should not be too far from my friend Graham Robertson; but, on the whole, I think I 'd better look elsewhere. Thus passes a very pleasant

morning, without expense or fatigue or regret upon a hasty or labored decision. This, I say, is house-hunting of a kind, but one gets nowhere. We were in England to decide upon a home. We must be up and doing.

It was quite obvious that if we were to accomplish anything we could not depend upon trains; we must have a motor. The question was, should we buy or hire? We decided to hire; and I said to myself, "Our comfort largely depends upon having a good car and a good chauffeur." After meditation I decided to call upon the representative of an excellent car, tell him what I wanted, and ask his advice. This I did, and I had the good fortune to hear of a garage that had a "fleet" of just such cars as I wanted; it was in the north of London, but it was "on the telephone": all I had to do was to call up. But somehow my suspicions were aroused. It would be well to investigate; so, taking a taxi, I rode until I noticed with alarm that the clock was pointing to three shillings, about which time I was set down before a garage in which were two old cars, one a tiny runabout, the other such a car as I wanted, but of prehistoric pattern. Had my taxi-driver made a mistake? No, the address was quite right; this was the "fleet."

Gently cursing the man who had so low an opinion of my intelligence as to suppose that I would hire a car for a month without looking at it, I entered

another taxi, saying, "Piccadilly Circus," knowing that I could mature another plan before I got there. Then it occurred to me to seek information at the Royal Automobile Club. So I changed my instructions, and in half an hour entered that great institution in Pall Mall. Here I might have received good advice had I gone to the proper department, but I got to the wrong desk with my troubles, which I confided to a man who seemed deeply interested. "Quite so, quite so," he said. "I know a man who has a fleet of cars of just the kind you want. Wait a moment. I 'll get him on the telephone." In a few moments he returned, saying that he had his friend and that I could talk to him on the telephone; that I could depend upon anything his friend might tell me. "Where is he?" I inquired. Some distance away, I was told, but I could talk to him on the telephone; he had a fine fleet. I did not like the word "fleet." "What is your friend's name and what is his address?" "Newton is his name, and his address — but you can talk to him on the telephone." "No, thank you very much," I replied; "tell Mr. Newton to wait until I call upon him." And it may be that my namesake is still waiting for me.

Then I gave myself an illustration of what advertising men call the "pulling power of the printed word." I remembered that I had read — I don't know when or where — that Harrod's in Brompton Road had a motor-hire department, and I did what I

should have done in the first place : I went to Harrod's — who also had a "fleet" of cars, but this time a fleet

*Theoretically, I am an experienced horseman*

in being — and picked out a fine Armstrong-Siddeley car, and secured the services of an excellent chauffeur, named Percival. He turned out to be, in fact,

Maxine Elliott's chauffeur; that lady being on the Continent for two or three months, her man was at a loose end and had taken a job with Harrod's. During all of our journeys, and we made many in all directions, every incident was a pleasant one. We found our Percival to be prompt and polite, a careful driver, and resourceful in emergency. Once something happened to the intestines of our car; an immediate operation proved to be necessary, and it was performed very successfully upon the roadside. Meantime we had accepted a lift of a mile or so to The Hotel, in Church Stretton, intending to stop there long enough for a cup of tea, but we found the hotel so excellent that we decided to spend the night. Church Stretton is a town of one street, several miles long. The church from which it takes its name is not important, but in it is a tablet in memory of the author of *Jessica's First Prayer*. This book fifty years ago had a vogue which would not be understood to-day. My well-worn copy bears an affectionate inscription, and an appalling date: 1869!

Theoretically, I am an experienced horseman. I delight in hunting; I ride straight; indeed, I am considered by some a reckless rider: a steep bank on which grows a hedge with a deep, wide ditch on the far side I regard as an invitation not to be declined. I love the music of the hounds, and the view halloo of the huntsman, and I love a dinner at which all the

men are in pink and the ladies — well, bless them, however gowned. But actually I have never been on a horse's back; and at such a dinner, in a black swallowtail coat, I should feel like a Presbyterian in

*I made up my mind to take up the ecclesiastical line*

his predestined flames. Of what good to me, then, is my fine collection of sporting books? By them I deceive no one, myself least of all. "So," as Anita Loos says, when I decided to become an English country gentleman, I made up my mind not to affect the sportsman, but rather to take up the ecclesiastical

line, for which my age and figure are much better suited. I would be seen walking slowly, as if in deep meditation, in a cathedral close: my conversation would be of Bibles and of Prayer Books. Such knowledge, I felt, could not go unrecognized. I had no wish to become a curate, one whose idea of dissipation would consist in passing cucumber sandwiches and tea to old ladies; and my modesty would, of course, prevent my accepting the bishopric, but with my war record I thought that I might become a minor canon. I had no idea of the duties of a minor canon, but I was not too old to learn.

Such, in general, were my views when I received one morning in my mail a letter from an estate agent telling of a charming old-world mansion situated not far from Bishops Stortford. It read delightfully: "A dignified mansion on the east side of a hill facing the rising sun; the oldest part dates from 1728." This singularly attractive freehold was to be sold publicly upon a certain date, unless previously disposed of by private treaty, which seemed altogether likely. The house stood in seventeen acres of ground; the oaks were famous; more land could be had if desired. The house contained a lounge hall, three spacious reception rooms, a study, five bedrooms, two dressing rooms, two bathrooms, a servants' hall, and good offices; electric light, company's water, central heating, stabling, garage, and outbuildings. The grounds included an old-world garden, a tennis lawn,

walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, rookery, and paddock. Such a property would not go begging. Getting a map, I learned that Bishops Stortford was just halfway between London and Cambridge: we must be on our way. Percival was called and responded; we were soon off on our journey.

It is not an easy thing to get out of London in a motor: on and on we went, and were still in London, for the town stretches away interminably to the north, as we were subsequently to find that it does in every other direction. As we were in no special hurry, we stopped in Edmonton to look at the tiny cottage which was Charles Lamb's last home, and from the house we went to the churchyard in which he and his sister Mary lie buried. When we first visited Lamb's grave, many years ago, we found it with some difficulty, overgrown with grass and weeds, but it is now cared for, as I happen to know, by E. V. Lucas, his best biographer, and a well-worn path leads to the spot.

The landscape to the north of London is flat and ugly, getting flatter and uglier as one leaves the city behind, and we were just a little chilled toward Bishops Stortford before we got there. The house was impossible; there was no bishop, no cathedral, none of the ecclesiastical plant which the name suggested — no anything. The town was a gift from the Conqueror to the Bishop of London, and, if you ask me, I don't think it was by any means his best

one. The church is of no interest whatever, and the fact that Cecil Rhodes was baptized in it was only mildly exciting.

The question then arose, should we go back to London or on to Cambridge? We decided in favor of Cambridge, and an hour later we were at "The Bull." And here and now I protest at the miserable accommodation afforded by the average English provincial hotel, especially those long-established hostelries which make capital of their tradition. "The Bull" at Cambridge, "The Mitre" at Oxford, and "Harker's" at York, I shall not willingly visit again. One is much better served at the "University Arms," "The Randolph," and the Station Hotel, respectively, in the towns named; but of all the country hotels in England the best is the "Lygon Arms" at Broadway. But the discomfort of "The Bull" vanished when, after sending our car to the garage, we began to ramble through the streets of Cambridge. How lovely it is! It has, of course, no "High," like Oxford, but then, Oxford has no "Backs," like Cambridge; meaning thereby those lovely lawns that slope so gently down to the river. It would be invidious to compare the welcome I have received from the secretaries of the Oxford and of the Cambridge Press; both are fine lads, excellent scholars, and determined Johnsonians, and if I have been delightfully entertained by a fine group of men at Pembroke College, Cambridge, have I not done my

best to entertain a similar group at Pembroke College, Oxford?

But lovely as is the city on the River Cam, we soon saw that Cambridgeshire was too flat and damp for us. It was all under water once, and, if the sea ever rose a few inches, might be again. Having a car at our disposal, we determined to visit Holkham Hall, in Norfolk, the seat of the Earl of Leicester. Twenty years or more ago, John Lane published a book in two sumptuous volumes, called *Coke* (pronounced "Cook") *of Norfolk and His Friends*. I would advise my readers, if I have any, to throw aside this volume and get a copy of the book from a library and read it. I say "library," for it has long been out of print, and I won't lend mine under any circumstances.

We had no idea of leasing Holkham: it is, indeed, one of the largest and finest Palladian residences in England; we had long wanted to see it and were glad of a good excuse to make the excursion. To Holkham, then, we proceeded, stopping for lunch at King's Lynn, where there is much to be seen, but the pleasantest sight was two old friends lunching at "The Duke's Head," who were prevailed upon to join us on our expedition. The fates were propitious: on our arrival at the outer park gates, several miles from the house, we found that a lawn party for some charity was in progress, and that by the expenditure of a few shillings everything could be seen. What spacious lives those old birds lived a hundred and

fifty years ago! Great wide avenues of old oak trees, several miles long, radiated from the great mansion in four directions; very artificial they must once have been, but they are part of the landscape now and appear to have always been of it. The great Coke, Thomas William, was in his day the richest commoner in England; he was the father of intensive farming, and made not alone two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, but two, or more, of everything, including cattle, and hogs, and sheep. For more than forty years the sheep-shearings at Holkham were famous. On one occasion the host entertained eighty house guests, seven hundred people sat down for dinner, and several thousand farmers were given as much as they could eat and drink — and what an English yeoman could eat and drink, a century and a half ago, was a-plenty. Coke was as famous for his hospitality as for his cattle and his crops.

We were anxious to see the house, with its famous picture gallery, and especially the library, which contains many thousands of volumes the world will not willingly let live, and we were conducted from one part to another by the very charming daughter-in-law of the present Earl, the Honorable Mrs. Arthur Young. When life is tuned to such a pitch as it once was at Holkham, it seems a pity that it cannot last forever; but *sic transit gloria mundi.* The great days at Holkham are a thing of the past — and they are never to return.

As we left "The Bull" the next morning, the porter — or was it "Boots"? — remarked, "The weather is looking down, but I don't think it will fall." But fall it did, and the rain made the rather gloomy Norman cathedral of Peterborough more austere than usual; so, after an indifferent lunch, we pushed on to Melton Mowbray. It seems rather silly to speak of a church in a town where nothing matters but fox-hunting, but I am bound to observe that St. Mary's in Melton Mowbray is one of the finest parish churches in England. Nothing is duller than an empty theatre unless it be such a town out of season, in a pouring rain; even the knowledge that Melton gives its name to a cloth and is famous for pork pies and Stilton cheese does not redeem it. I had thought at one time of taking a hunting box at Melton, but somehow when I got there I did not feel quite up to it. I made a note, however, to discuss this matter with my friend Harry Worcester Smith when I got home. I did n't much like the idea of bringing all my horses and hounds over unless I knew how I should be received. The Prince of Wales monopolizes things too entirely at Melton; yet it is hardly to be wondered at: it 's a great title, no matter upon whom it is fastened.

From Melton we went on to York, and it was while we were drinking tea with two very delightful old ladies, whose family had lived from time immemorial in a charming old house in the precincts of the

Minster, that we decided to look no further but to settle forever in York. We had found just what we wanted: a fine mansion which had once been the residence of Laurence Sterne's "rich and opulent" uncle when he was Precentor of the Cathedral, what time Horace Walpole's friend Blackburne, "the jolly old Archbishop of York," kept court there. If the Archbishop was as "gay and immoral" as he was said to be, quite naturally he would see nothing very shocking in the conduct of a dissipated young clergyman who was later to cut a distinguished figure in the world as an author. So Sterne had lived in this very house with his uncle! We liked the idea: it would do for us; but we had decided without our host — the ladies had no idea of moving; the very idea was as shocking to them as the thought of another war. So we moved on.

But before leaving the neighborhood we thought we would have a look at the house a few miles away in the Coxwold hills in which Sterne lived when he wrote *Tristram* and *A Sentimental Journey*. So, the next day being Sunday, we motored out to the little church of St. Michael and made the acquaintance of the rector, or incumbent, or whatever he was, and with him strolled up the hill to Shandy Hall, where we were welcomed by the farmer who lived in the house, who showed us Sterne's study, the tiny room in which the great books were written, and I thought of his "most religious way of beginning a book": "I write

the first sentence — and trust to Almighty God for the second." And that is the way literature is made — sometimes.

The idea of looking for a house farther from London than York never occurred to us; but, being in active mood, we went on to Edinburgh, crossed over to Glasgow, and came down through the Lakes and the Dukeries. The North of England is famous for its great manufacturing towns, which everyone knows, at least by name; but — and this is not so well known — it is also famous for its great estates. "What should they know of England who only England know?" sang Kipling, hymning the Empire. The same might be said of those who know England only from a railway train: they never see the baronial halls, the splendid mansions, for which England is famous; nor indeed does one see many of them from a motor, but ever and again the highway skirts a wall, or a hedge and a ditch and a fence, and sooner or later one comes upon a pair of highly wrought park gates, and perhaps, at the end of a vista of half a mile or more, catches a glimpse of one of those stately homes which have been for centuries, it may be, the principal seat of some distinguished family. But, seeing them, one cannot escape the feeling that what once was the strength of England is now her weakness. Life on the great landed estates must once have been magnificent, but it is so no longer. How many such estates are there? I have no idea, — an immense

number, — but they are done for. No longer can a man surround himself with miles of stone wall, pierced here and there with entrances, scaled in magnificence to the use for which they were intended, and live without reference to the wants of his fellows. From time immemorial England has specialized in fences of every kind and character; high brick or stone walls, hedges in which is concealed wire, or fences made of thin strips of oak overlapping at the side, which, allowed to weather, finally take the color of the landscape: green where green predominates, otherwise a rusty brown. These boundary lines say more plainly than words, "Respect my privacy — all within is mine." The English equivalent of "Welcome" is "Private."

Our greatest jurist, John Marshall, uttered an unpleasant truth when he said, "The power to tax is the power to destroy." These great estates are being destroyed; it is inevitable that the right of primogeniture must pass. England is now in the throes of a revolution in which is being accomplished what was only done in France by the shedding of blood. It was while we were meditating upon these matters that there appeared in the *Spectator*, in response to a request from its editor, a brief article written by a Dutchman in reply to the question put to him: "What is wrong with England?" The question was to be answered in eight hundred words. "I do not require eight hundred, or eighty; your question can

be answered in eight," said the Dutchman: "*England has idled and played away her position.*" And then he enlarged upon this text, convincingly, if sadly. "And the remedy," he said; "your King gave it, years ago, when still Prince of Wales, in a famous speech at the Guildhall, when he said, 'Wake up, England!' By waking up, by putting in more work and less play, all of you, high and low, you will, aided by the many sterling qualities of your race, retrieve a considerable part of the ground you have lost."

But will they? I hope so, for what nation can take Britain's place in the world? But her problems are terrific; her poverty is appalling, especially in the North. Glasgow is horrible: one could not enjoy its fine picture gallery for thinking of the misery outside, groups of unemployed and unemployable standing about waiting for the miserable dole on which they subsist. And the worst of it is that a generation is growing up that has never worked and does not intend to. On my return to London, I spoke to John Burns about this and of its dangers. "Ay," said he, "but there are families living in Mayfair and Belgravia who have not done a tap of work for six hundred years!" — which is a retort, but not an answer to a problem which must be worked out if England is to endure.

We were glad to escape from a scene of so much misery into the gentle loveliness of the Lakes, but a feeling of sadness came over us again when we visited

Chatsworth: its grandeur was depressing; even the romantic beauty of Haddon Hall seemed to have lost some of its charm. Once again, and perhaps for the last time, we called at Hardwick. I make no pretense of being on intimate terms with His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, one of whose homes this lovely old palace is; but I count his housekeeper a friend, and in her company I have several times explored the Hall from cellar to garret. What an amazing person was Bess, its builder! Married for the first time before she was fourteen, the habit then formed she kept up: she married and built, and married and built, until at last "Hardwick Hall, more glass than wall," was completed, whereupon she gathered her feet up into her bed and died, much to the relief of her last husband, as he does not hesitate to record. The old red-haired harridan has always fascinated me: in appearance and in other ways she much resembled Queen Elizabeth, whose unwilling guest she had been in the Tower while her husband acted as gaoler to Mary Queen of Scots.

Widows don't stay widows long in England. With us, as soon as our wives get our insurance money they sink peacefully into rocking-chairs and rock themselves slowly into their graves. An Englishwoman is always ready again to take a chance — to let hope triumph over experience. It was while sitting in a public house late one afternoon, dressed in my oldest clothes and wearing a cap, — for a hat sometimes

makes one conspicuous, — that I overheard a conversation on marriage that might have been taken bodily from one of Hardy's novels. It was a cold, raw day, and I had unintentionally assisted at a funeral in the Abbey Church of the town, warmed only by a few wax tapers. After the coffin had been borne away on the shoulders of six men in weepers, I left promptly for a near-by tavern to have a drop of something hot. On both sides of a tiny grate, in which a fire was smouldering, sat a group of country yokels, one of whom after a time made a place for me. A few words were said as to the funeral, then all was quiet; finally an old man remarked: "H'I do 'ear as 'ow 'e 's left 'er a thousan' poun'." "A thousan' poun'!" exclaimed another. "She won't be a widdy long with a thousan' poun'." "I would marry worse nor her for less," said an old man with perhaps three badly placed teeth in his head. "Ay, but would she have ye?" said another. "Ye can't tell," said the first speaker; "lonesome is lonesome." "She won't stay lonesome long with all that money, and the 'ouse is freehold, I 'm told," remarked another. "She married for money once; maybe next time 't will be for love. I 've no doubt some lively young man is a-consolin' her now this very minute." And so the talk went on. Why waste your time looking at a genre painting in a museum when you can sit in one?

If ever I had a longing for a large estate, I had

gotten bravely over it: for me the quiet life, the quieter and simpler the better, as less likely to be disturbed. We motored from place to place, and I noticed that our spirits rose perceptibly as we neared London. Someone asked us why we did not go to Broadway, and we did, spending several pleasant days at that delightful hostelry, the "Lygon Arms." A good, large, well-aired room, with a comfortable bed and a bath, was given us and thoroughly enjoyed. I am a light sleeper, — that is to say, after the first seven or eight hours my rest is broken, — and often I have wondered of what the mattresses in English provincial hotels are made; a deal table could not be harder, and a deal table would have the advantage of being flat, while the mattresses are studded — with what, I ask you. And I have wondered, too, where the English got their ideas of bathtubs, but that question was satisfactorily answered when I saw a row of stone coffins, dating from Saxon times, standing upright against an old church in Shrewsbury: they furnished the pattern.

We were at Broadway, but that lovely picturesque village of one street hardly charmed me as I thought it would. One feels that it is losing its old-world air — its refinement, perhaps. On Sunday it is crowded with trippers, and while one wishes them well, and is glad that the char-à-bancs is able to transport so many people out of themselves, one would not care to live in a glass house, so to speak, for their amusement.

A feeling of delicacy prevented our calling on Mary Anderson de Navarro, whom I once knew, and who has for some years made Broadway her home; fearful of troubling her, we scarcely dared look at her charming home.

We had timed our journey to reach London on a Sunday evening, and the sun was just setting when we found ourselves approaching Stoke Poges Church, made forever famous by Gray's immortal Elegy. The bells were being pealed and we stopped for a few minutes, although we wanted to get the distant prospect of Eton College from the terrace at Windsor, and keep an appointment for dinner at the Café Royal. It was fine to get back.

There remained to be explored some charming spots in Sussex and in Kent. We thought of Tunbridge Wells, whence my people had several centuries ago emigrated to America, and of a little Mary Tudor cottage, with a garden, at Stone Cross, only a pleasant drive over the common from the station. It had a lovely old-world garden, as, indeed, what cottage in England has not? No people in the world love gardens as do the English, but, as Kipling says,

> . . . such gardens are not made
> By saying "Oh! how beautiful!" and sitting in the shade.

The English work for them — and they are assisted by nature as nowhere else. They have no sudden changes as we do: the word "sudden," indeed, exists

for them only in the pages of a dictionary. When it rains — and it does rain — it rains gently; with us, it pours: it washes out our paths and our drives, it beats down our flowers, and those that have survived the flood are destroyed by the heat. The cottage at Stone Cross was not to be had, but we loved it just the same, for was it not the home of two of our dearest friends? It stands near what was in the time of the Conqueror a magnificent oak; now it is a ruin, but a stately one, respected for its age. "Queen Elizabeth once had tea under that oak," our chauffeur told us, quite indifferent to the fact that tea was not introduced into England till after her death; but tea is now consumed in such quantities that one cannot imagine a time when it was unknown.

The English countryside is picturesque to a degree; except in the manufacturing districts in the North, which are ugly, as they are everywhere, the whole country is beautiful. It has a washed and combed and brushed appearance, entirely lacking in our newer land. But it is not to be forgotten that what is picturesque may be very uncomfortable and unhygienic. Think, for example, of living in a cottage built of porous stone, without a cellar, the floors of which are of stone, laid directly upon the cold damp earth. Whenever I visit Dove Cottage, the home of Wordsworth, for instance, I can never free myself of the idea of the self-centred William calling to his sister Dorothy of a winter's morning to heat and

bring up his shaving water, and of her paddling about on stones as hard and cold as lumps of ice.

We looked at several little villas near Tunbridge Wells, we explored the Thames country, and were fascinated by its loveliness, but somehow we had lost heart in the undertaking. If the truth must be told, we were a trifle homesick. For all our many friends in England, we felt that we should not be welcome. Americans are cordially disliked; and the reason is not far to seek. We have thrown Europe out of balance; the globe is no longer round like an orange, but elliptical like an egg. As Galsworthy makes one of his characters say, "The world would have been a much cosier place if Christopher Columbus had been less inquisitive." Had we remained in England, we should have spent the rest of our lives in making explanations which would hardly have been understood. We had a perfectly good house at home, — full of ups and downs, like life, — built from time to time to meet what we thought were our requirements. We had grown into it like a suit of old clothes: we wondered why we had ever thought of leaving it, and felt just a little bit ashamed of ourselves. We decided to return, taking to heart a remark we had one day heard an old caretaker make, that "it takes a 'eap of living in a 'ouse to make it 'ome."

# V

## IN DIMPLED DEVONSHIRE

It may be presumed that every Englishman loves his native county best and is prepared to uphold its charms against all comers, but the tourist, I think, has a special regard for Devonshire. It is very beautiful, very green, — and if the truth must be told, a trifle damp, — and besides its billowy hills and its sedate little rivers it has the sea. Certainly it is my favorite county; and one fine day late in September, some time ago, I landed at Plymouth, spent the night at the Royal Hotel, and the next morning went on to Exeter. September is a good month to travel in England: perhaps the best month: the countryside has dried off, usually, yet it is not parched, as it too frequently is with us. From the moment when the discomfort of leaving the ship was over, a feeling of well-being descended upon us. It was quite late when we reached our hotel and everyone had gone to bed except one old man, a sort of night-watchman-porter, with a fine, smiling, crimson face set in a frame of white hair and whiskers. "Don't bother," I said, "to carry our trunk up to our room: we shall not need it; our suitcases will do."

But he made nothing of the job. "On a fine moonlight night like this, who would mind carrying a trunk?" he said; and I asked myself why is it that in Britain one is almost always greeted with a smile, while with us "a grouch" is as commonly in order?

*"On a fine moonlight night, who would mind carrying a trunk?"*

In Exeter we settled down for a few days at the excellent hostelry that calls itself "The Royal Clarence." Exeter is a fine, bustling little city, noisy within its means, although in this respect it is distinctly inferior to Chicago, say — but then it is older: it does n't have to make a noise: does not everyone know that the west front of its cathedral

is one of the sights of England? I was in reminiscent mood as, strolling along the High Street of this "capital city of the west," I stumbled upon the bookshop of James G. Commin, and it occurred to me to enter and inquire whether by any chance I could procure a first edition of *Hesperides; or The Works both Human and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq.* It has become an excessively rare book, but Herrick was the vicar of the parish of Dean Prior, a parish rather than a hamlet, which bestrides the highway about midway between Plymouth and Exeter, and when his *Hesperides* was published in London in 1648 a bookseller in Exeter had enterprise enough to have his imprint, "Tho: Hunt, Book-seller in Exon," put upon a certain — or, more exactly speaking, uncertain — number of copies, and I thought there was one chance in a million that Commin might have a copy, and I 'm always ready to take a chance. But the Bullcalf who presided over Mr. Commin's shop knew nothing of the matter of which I spoke, and seemed, indeed, to have an eighteenth-century ignorance of Herrick. But I had given myself a lead, and I decided to spend the day in making a pilgrimage to the home and haunts of the poet.

In England, it is never far from where you are to where you want to go, and a short and pleasant ride in an open motor over a smooth, undulating highway soon brought us to the little town of Buckfastleigh, where — wisely, as the event proved — we descended

at "The King's Arms" and ordered a luncheon to be served two hours later. This done, we sped on to the vicarage and parish church of Dean Prior, where Herrick lived for so many years and where he preached to yokels, who, if they liked their brew hard, liked their sermons soft, so as not to disturb their slumber.

Herrick, who was London born, seems to have become for a time, after his graduation at Cambridge, chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham, but his job did not weigh very heavily upon him: indeed, it was not intended to. Finally, perhaps through the Duke's influence, he became the vicar of a little church in far-off Devonshire, to which parish he was "banished," as he calls it, in 1629. Here he lived a bachelor priest until 1647, when his "banishment" was lifted, violently, by Cromwell and his Roundheads; and Herrick, out of a job, dropped the title of "Reverend" and, becoming "Esquire," returned to London and devoted himself to the publication of his poems. The title-page of the first edition of his *Hesperides* and his *Noble Numbers* makes no reference to his having been a clergyman. Indeed, we know him to have been mad all through when he was deprived of his living, for he says in one of his poems that he will not return to Devonshire "until its rocks turn to rivers and its rivers turn to men."

Established in London on nothing a year but the charity of friends, he seems to have looked back upon

his former life with longing, and when at last Charles II returned from his "travels" the poet and gentleman became a clergyman again and went back to his "duty" in his old parish.

Little was expected from a country parson in those days, and little was done: such small jobs as the baptism of babies and the burial of the dead were undertaken by curates. Marriages were different: there were pretty girls to be kissed and much drink to be drunk, and doubtless the vicar felt that, after all, something was expected of him in return for his tithes, first fruits, and the rest. But, in general, the country priest in those days was a gentleman farmer, who was expected to get drunk like the rest of his neighbors.

"My good woman, can you tell me where I may find the vicar of this parish?" was asked of an old peasant on the moors of Devonshire. "Have ye looked in the alehouse?" was the reply. "Ay, and he 's not there." "Did 'e see a mon goo by on a white horse?" "I did." "And was he blind drunk?" "He was certainly rolling in his saddle." "And was he a-cursin' and a-swearin' fit to burn his tongue out?" "He was certainly using very shocking language." "Augh, then that 's our passon — an' a dear good mon he be."

Father Time has laid his hand gently, if at all, on this part of rural England, and except that the roads are now excellent and much frequented it cannot differ greatly from what it was in the time of the

poet. The cottages with their great square chimneys and their thatched roofs are almost certainly those in which his rude parishioners lived; while the apple orchards, then ruddy with their ripening fruit, while certainly not identically those on which he looked, can have differed not at all from those he apostrophized when, seeing them covered with blossoms, he exclaimed: —

> "Simper and blush and smile,
> And perfume the air awhile:
> But, sweet things, ye must be gone,
> Fruit, ye know, is coming on."

"Jocund his Muse was, but his Life was chaste." Why should not it have been so? He lived alone, so far as we know, at Dean Prior, preaching dull sermons to a sleepy congregation (there is a tradition that he once threw a written sermon at the head of a man who annoyed him by snoring), with one old servant, Prue Baldwin, to care for him, from 1662 to 1674, when he died and was buried — where we do not know: his grave was never marked, or if marked has long since been lost.

We traveled so fast in our motor that we crossed Dean Burn without seeing it — for the reason that the tiny stream which gives its name to the parish passes under the highway in a culvert — and came upon the church quite suddenly. It is a good-sized building with two aisles, one of which ends in a

heavy, squat, battlemented tower. The church door was open and we went in, and were pleased and somewhat surprised to see an American flag in a standard near the pulpit: subsequently we learned that it had been presented to the church by a Mr. David Hale Fanning of Worcester, Massachusetts. We searched for a tomb or monument of Herrick, but the only thing we could discover was an ugly tablet set so high in a side wall as to make the reading of its inscription difficult, and which, when read, turned out to be in praise of a collateral descendant of the poet, who in 1857 "erected this tablet to his memory."

The vicarage, which has been entirely rebuilt since Herrick's time, is just across the road, and we were about to turn from it with a feeling of disappointment when the front door opened and an old gentleman, followed by a disreputable-looking dog, — subsequently presented to us as "Daisy," — came out and gave us welcome. We gathered at once that he was the vicar, and told him the nature of our pilgrimage; whereupon he insisted upon returning to the church with us, on our way calling attention to the inscription on the tomb of a young girl, which read: —

Dear parents, now do not lament,
My irksome days on earth are spent,
Medical aid was all in vain,
I hope for my eternal gain.
My tombstone now you chance to spy,
The question is: now where am I?

Which is, indeed, the question we all ask ourselves upon occasion.

Mr. Perry-Keene, the vicar, our new-found friend, was a man right out of a book. He told us — and it was quite unnecessary — that he was old and poor. "But what of that?" said he, gayly. "I have lived. I have shot everything that could be shot, fished for everything that could be beguiled by a hook, and in my time put on the gloves against all comers. But," said he, throwing open the door of a small room, "*this is the sport.*" The room was full of bows, arrows, and archery trophies, and he had a right to be proud of them. "I am the last of my race: I 'm the last sporting parson in England," he went on to say. I told him I was sorry the race was dying out, that if we must have parsons I preferred the sporting variant, and I asked him if he also was a poet. He replied that he was, but he feared that his poetry was not as good as Herrick's. I thought this a reasonable fear; and in regard to his question I confessed that I did not know his own volume, *The Songs of the Dean Bourn*. Then he asked me what my recreations were, and with bowed head I confessed that I was a book-collector. "But you must play cricket and golf, of course," he rejoined. I told him I loathed all games except kissing games, in which I was not now as expert as I once was — that I feared I had lost my technique.

It was getting near lunch time; we were a party

of three; Mr. Perry-Keene regretted that he could not ask us to lunch, that his wife and daughter were away, and there was only bread and cheese and beer in the house. Then I lied — and may Sterne's angel record the lie to my credit: I said that I had heard in Exeter what an amiable gentleman he was, and that passing through Buckfastleigh I had taken the liberty of putting his name in our luncheon pot, as he would see if he would do us the honor of joining us. He would, gladly, in five minutes; could I make room for Daisy in my motor? Daisy had just been confined; her puppies were constantly on her mind; a change would do her good. Daisy had taken all the blue ribbons within the reach of a Norfolk spaniel; her last amour was with Blueboy; had I ever seen a more beautiful bitch? Then he told me that Daisy understood everything he said to her except one: she had raised a pheasant a day or two before and "could not be made to understand why I left it unshot until the legal day: could you, you beauty?" — this to the most woebegone and shapeless animal I ever saw.

Our luncheon at "The King's Arms" was substantial, and hunger is the best sauce: washed down with several mugs of strong ale, followed by good tobacco, conversation finally became superfluous. I took the old sportsman and Daisy home. As we approached the vicarage Daisy became very nervous: the thought of her brood, flock, crop — whatever the word is — of puppies excited her enormously; we

could scarcely keep her in the motor. I said good-bye to Mr. Perry-Keene, and set off over the downs for Exeter. Then I fell into a meditative mood: how absurd is the theory that, if a man does not work, neither shall he eat. The world has workers enough: what we most want is more poets.

Herrick was, by the grace of God, a poet, a song-writer: his poems sing themselves.

> I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
> Of April, May, of June and July flowers;
> I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
> Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes.
> I write of Youth, of Love; — and have access
> By these to sing of cleanly wantonness;
> I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
> Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.
> I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write
> How roses first came red, and lilies white.
> I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
> The court of Mab, and of the Fairy King.
> I write of Hell; I sing, and ever shall
> Of Heaven, — and hope to have it after all.

It is an amazing thing that the poet, whose works are to-day universally admired, was so completely neglected for one hundred and sixty years. Think of a first edition in 1648, a stout substantial volume of almost five hundred pages, and a second, with an apology for its appearance, in 1810! So runs Herrick's bibliography. A few years before this second edition appeared there had been, indeed, several brief articles

in a magazine, but it was not until a certain Dr. Nott, a physician and antiquarian, brought out a volume of "selections with occasional remarks" that the literary world really knew that there had ever been such a poet as Robert Herrick. Dr. Nott was himself a curious character: he was a traveled and a learned man without much taste, and he spent most of his life delving in the authors of the sixteenth century. He essayed an edition of the works of George Wither, his "occasional remarks" upon whom excited Charles Lamb's ire. His (Lamb's) copy is in existence, in which, Nott having observed that a certain passage was "obscure," Lamb remarked, in lead pencil, in the margin: "O thou damned fool, why not, Nott? Obscure to you, to others not! Eloquent in abuse! Niggard when thou shouldst praise, Most Negative Nott!"

It is only fair to Dr. Nott to say that in presenting his *Selections* he takes occasion to differ from an earlier critic who asserts that, out of "better than fourteen hundred poems by Herrick, only one hundred could be selected by the hand of taste." And in what he calls his "Advertisement" he says, and with reason: "It is a matter of much surprise, and more regret, that the poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth century should remain so long overlooked. Suckling, Carew and Marvell have been rescued by re-publication, but many others are now little known except by names." And he continues:

"Had our late learned poetick biographer [Dr. Johnson] but preserved and illustrated the writings of those earlier bards, who, on examination, prove to be the sources from whence many of our first English poets of the last century drew some of their most delicious stores, how would he have served the cause of truth and literature. Praiseworthy, indeed, had been his pen if, instead of recording the names of Sprat, Blackmore, Duke, Yalden, Watts, with similar others, whose rays of genius so dimly shine, it had given further publicity to such as those of Surrey, Wyat, Raleigh, Marlow, Wither, Carew and Herrick."

Dr. Nott goes on to say that "it is unnecessary to republish all the poet's works; many, indeed, are better withdrawn from the publick eye, for while the *Hesperides* of Herrick affords some golden and delicious fruit, some of it may suffer a little from the blight of indelicacy."

Nott's *Selections* was followed by a complete Herrick, in two well-printed volumes, published in Edinburgh in 1823. The editor was Thomas Maitland, who rather astonishes the reader by remarking that it is much to be wished that Herrick had always written what *priests and virgins might read.* (The italics are the editor's, not mine, and I certainly do not share his wish.) This edition was "remaindered" by Pickering of London several years later, and led to the publication of another edition, in 1846, with an introduction by Samuel Weller Singer. By this time

Herrick had taken his proper place as "the very best of English Lyric Poets . . . as fresh as the spring, as blithe as the summer, and as ripe as the autumn."

My own acquaintance with the poet dates from 1882, in which year someone gave me a beautiful little volume of *Selections* published by Macmillan. From it I learned that a kiss

> Is a creature born and bred
> Between the lips all cherry red,
> By love and warm desires fed.

And if Herrick's advice to virgins to "gather ye rosebuds while ye may" was somewhat lost on me, still, I felt convinced of the accuracy of his observation in, —

> Small griefs find tongues: full casques
> are ever found
> To give, if any, yet but little sound,

and the wisdom in his advice to

> Go not near faces sour as vinegar —

advice which I follow to this very day.

The "Oak Knoll" library contains all of the editions of Herrick referred to in this chapter, from the first of 1648, a small, thick, ill-printed octavo, with its curious bust portrait of the poet engraved by Marshall, in a contemporary leather binding, down to and including what may be called

the definitive edition edited by Alfred Pollard, with an introduction by Swinburne: my copy being, indeed, the very one which Swinburne on Christmas Day, 1891, presented to his friend Watts-Dunton.

We got back to Exeter in time for tea, and afterwards strolled over to the Cathedral, which, while not one of the finest in England, has nevertheless a charm of its own, as indeed they all have. Unlike most of the great Gothic churches of the Continent, the English cathedrals are set rather out of the hurly-burly: maybe in a meadow of green with a "palace" in a garden; maybe on an eminence at the foot of which winds a sleepy river. One may be famous for its Norman austerity, as is Peterborough, another for the glory of its Gothic, as is Salisbury — all are very lovely, especially at sunset. My own choice might be for Canterbury, perhaps because of its vastness and its history, or Wells, which is very small and, like a virtuous woman, has no history at all. We entered just as the notes of an organ died away, to be followed by the droning prayers of a priest, to which I paid little attention. My thoughts turned to Gibbon's barefooted friars singing the vespers of an outworn creed in the Temple of Jupiter, and I wondered whether the temple in which I then sat would outlast its creed or the creed its temple. Then I thought of Horace, who certainly inspired Herrick when he wrote: —

Only a little more
I have to write:
Then I 'll give o'er,
And bid the world good-night.

'T is but a flying minute
That I must stay,
Or linger in it:
And then I must away.

O Time, that cut'st down all,
And scarce leav'st here
Memorial
Of any men that were;

— How many lie forgot
In vaults beneath,
And piece-meal rot
Without a fame in death?

Behold this living stone
I rear for me,
Ne'er to be thrown
Down, envious Time, by thee.

Pillars let some set up
If so they please;
Here is my hope,
And my Pyramides.

And as the organ pealed I wondered if these lovely lines had been set to music.

I was brought out of my revery by a white-haired verger who told me the hour at which the Cathedral would be open "to-morrow"; I was tempted to cry with Omar: —

"To-morrow? Why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand years."

## VI

### IN EGYPT

"If we are ever going to Egypt we had better go," said my wife.

There was, possibly, one way of escape. "I feel too old to go to Egypt," I remarked.

"There are things in Egypt older than you are," was the rejoinder. The argument was unanswerable, and soon we were on our way.

We landed at Port Said. There are at least half a dozen ways of getting into Egypt: one can go directly from New York to Alexandria, or from Marseilles or Naples or Brindisi or Trieste; but the pleasantest way undoubtedly is to break the journey at Paris, pick up a P. and O. boat, if one can, at Marseilles, and go on to Port Said. The difficulty is that P. and O. boats sail from London; they prefer to book passengers to Colombo, or at least to Port Sudan, and one cannot be sure, in Paris, of getting accommodation at Marseilles until after the boat has left London; then, if there be room, the steamship company is glad enough to fill up its cabins with passengers for the shorter voyage.

After an exchange of telephone messages between the agent in Paris and the London agent, we were assured of excellent accommodation, and, leaving Paris by the night train, reached Marseilles the next morning, spent the day wandering around that busy

*"There are things in Egypt older than you are," was the rejoinder*

and thriving seaport, and sailed away at five o'clock in the afternoon. Had I known then what I do now, I should have gone on to Port Sudan, but when I left home I am not sure that I had ever heard of Port Sudan, which has, in fact, only come into prominence since the war. It is a landing place on the Red Sea, and some day it will be one of the great ports in

Africa. From Port Sudan a railway runs to Wadi Halfa in the north and Khartum in the south, thus draining the whole Sudan — and any Vanderbilt will tell you that a railway will drain a country quite as effectively as a river.

Already Port Sudan has made its existence felt in the age-old caravan town of Assiut, on the Nile. For centuries camels headed north or east from almost anywhere in the Sudan just naturally moved toward Assiut; then the Egyptian nationalists got gay and — largely inspired by that foolish phrase of our Great Phrase Maker, "the self-determination of small nations" — revived the ancient slogan, "Egypt for the Egyptians"; whereupon Great Britain, who had created modern Egypt, said: "Very well, we must render ourselves independent of the Nile Valley. It may be that we shall wish some day to give the Egyptians a taste of home rule, as we have the Irish, but we do not wish our trade in the Sudan to be disturbed; so we must create a new port and short-circuit, so to speak, Alexandria and Port Said." The result was Port Sudan.

We are accustomed to speak of "unchanging Egypt," yet in the last twenty years Egypt has enjoyed the rule of a Khedive, a Sultan, a King, and a Constitutional Monarchy, — the parliament of which has recently been spanked and dismissed, for three years, — but throughout all these changes the British, represented by Lords Cromer, Kitchener,

Allenby, and Lloyd, have maintained order, for which they receive no thanks. Were the firm hand of the English withdrawn, that the slogan "Egypt for the Egyptians" might be given full effect, there would be instant chaos, for, if the truth may be told, the Egyptians themselves could not stage-manage a strawberry festival.

Mr. Wilson's "self-determination" was understood as giving the Egyptians independence. The Egyptians had heard of independence, but they did not know what it was. They asked one another if they had ever seen it: they thought of it as something that everyone should have; something that could be sent, perhaps by mail, or something that might be transported in a boat. Of patriotism, in our sense of the word, the Egyptian knows nothing — and once again Dr. Johnson's remark about "patriotism being the last refuge of a scoundrel" comes to mind. They were happier and more flourishing under English rule than they had ever been, until a small group of noisy politicians told them how oppressed they were. The perennial plague of politics is devastating in Egypt as elsewhere. Of course, the Suez Canal must be forever British or the Empire is done for, and it can be protected from the Egyptians with the utmost ease: England has only to empty the contents of a dam or two into the Nile, suddenly, and not fill them again, and the land, now thriving and prosperous, would once

again become what it was before Lord Cromer took it in hand.

But I knew nothing of Port Sudan, this back door, as it were, into Egypt; and so, as I have said, we landed at Port Said, took an excellent express train to Cairo, and registered at the Semiramis Hotel, being among the first tourists of the season to do so. But we had hardly taken our places in the dining saloon of the *Cathay* — the steamer from Marseilles — when I saw someone wigwagging across the room to me, and it proved to be my old friend E. V. Lucas, the "Wanderer," on his way to wander in, of all places in the world, Colombo. We spent a pleasant evening together, and when it came time to say good-night E. V. remarked, "I want to read a few chapters of an excellent novel before switching off the light."

"What is the novel?" I inquired.

"*The Small House at Allington*," he replied.

"One of my favorites," I said. "How many times have you read it?"

"Never," said E. V.

"Shame!" said I. "I 'll not keep you from it another minute." And we parted.

Early next morning a blue-black Indian steward knocked on my door and entered with a note, addressed to me, marked "Important." It was from E. V., and I hurriedly tore open the envelope, wondering what could be the matter. And this is what I read: —

6.49 A.M. Latest Bulletin. Johnny Eames has saved the Earl's life from the bull and looks like being his heir. E. V.

Smiling, I climbed back into my bunk, thinking, the while, I could have waited an hour for that message. And to finish the story while I am at it: the next morning at about the same hour there was again a knock and again a note, which read: —

Crosbie's eye was blacked at Paddington Station last night at 11.53. Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

With which sentiment, I am sure, all readers of one of Trollope's very best novels will entirely agree.

I fancy the Semiramis is one of the best hotels in the world. It is certainly one of the most expensive, and as I looked about at dinner I remarked that I hoped the management would not expect me to carry the entire overhead until the hotel got into running order — which it hardly did during our stay.

"Egypt is the Nile and the Nile is Egypt": I knew that, and as I looked at the river from the windows of my bedroom I was, to speak plainly, very much disappointed. I did not then know that there was an island just opposite the hotel which reduced its width, but take the island out and the Nile would still seem a second- or even third-rate river. It does not tell its whole story at a glance, the Nile does n't, but after a week one begins to feel its influence, and

finally to have a feeling of awe and affection for the river on which has rocked the cradle of our civilization.

Would you visualize Egypt? Take a rope a hundred feet long, tie a knot in it about ten feet from one end; ravel out the ten feet and separate the strands as much as possible, so that the raveled portion forms a triangle; let the knot represent Cairo, and the two corners Alexandria and Port Said, respectively. The triangle is the Nile Delta, probably the most fertile country in the world, but utterly without interest for the tourist. The rope will probably have a lot of twists in it, though not as many as the Nile itself, but its length will suggest faintly the length of the river, and its thickness the width of Egypt.

Joseph Conrad, in *Heart of Darkness*, likens a river to "an immense snake, uncoiled, with its head in the sea, its body at rest, curving afar over a vast country, its tail lost in the depths of the land." It is a better simile than mine; but then Conrad is a literary artist, while I am a manufacturer of electrical apparatus.

Cairo does n't get me, altogether; it has a wonderful museum and five hundred mosques — so our dragoman told us. Some of them are interesting and some magnificent, but it is a big, noisy city, not too clean, and I 'm not too good a tourist: I do not hunger and thirst for the second-rate simply because I have not seen that particular kind of second-rate

before. But what is first-rate in Cairo cannot be seen or even approached elsewhere. The amazing things with which Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb was furnished are now all on exhibition in its Museum, and there are altars and statues and mummy cases, and the like, which defy description, — my description, at any rate, — but all the mummies have been put away in deference to the recently ripened susceptibilities of the Egyptians. We visited the Museum first under the patronage of one of its distinguished curators, Jack Gunn, a fine English scholar of our acquaintance, who wears a fez while on duty, but who does not succeed and does n't even try to make anyone believe that he is an Egyptian, or even an Arab.

The fact is that if it is hard to get the historians to agree who the ancient Egyptians *were*, it is even more difficult to get them to agree as to who they *are*. The Copts — that is to say, the Christians — claim to be Egyptians, but there are only a million of them in the whole country and they are not much in evidence. Egypt is to-day, as it has always been, overrun with "foreigners." Certainly the Arabs have "spoiled the Egyptians," but they have had the active assistance of the Jew, the Greek, the Armenian, the Persian, the French, and the English; without the English, Egypt would be "merely a geographical expression," as a brutal Austrian statesman once said of Italy.

I always travel with a large amount of skepticism,

which is very disconcerting to my guides: there are so very many more things which I do not believe than those which I do. Consequently, when my dragoman one fine morning — and all mornings are fine in Cairo — suggested a visit to old Cairo, I asked him what was to be seen there. "Well," he replied, "I show you where Pharaoh's daughter, she find Moses, and I show you where the Holy Virgin hide with the Christ Child, and I show you a wonder-working tree." An intelligent man had spent some time the night before making it clear to me that the finding of Moses, if it be anything more than a pretty fairy tale, was merely the old story of the unmarried mother and her child, and must have taken place fully fifty miles from Cairo; so I cut that out. And I always eschew wonder-working trees. But the tradition of the Virgin and Child and their flight into Egypt to escape the bloodthirsty attention of King Herod has something to recommend it, so I consented to look — and I am afraid without sufficient reverence — into a dirty and smelly crypt or cellar under a place of worship which might easily be two thousand years old; but two thousand years is a mere yesterday in Egypt.

The language of Cairo is French, largely; the people are of all sorts, Arabs chiefly; and the government in the last resort is English. The new city is rather fine, but *old* Cairo does not intrigue me — to use that overworked but expressive word. The

houses are in ruins, practically; the streets narrow and filthy, — how could they be otherwise? — and the people poor and neglected, the women especially. The women in the Near East usually conceal all or a part of their faces with a veil or a portion of their robe or headdress, either from modesty or lest their beauty should inflame the male passer-by. (Let them have no fear!) The single long black garment of the poorer classes which trails upon the filthy highway is supposed to erase from the dust the tracks of their bare feet, in which otherwise an evil spirit might make hieroglyphics which would bring them bad luck. So it was five thousand years ago, so it is to-day, and so, seemingly, it will be a thousand years hence.

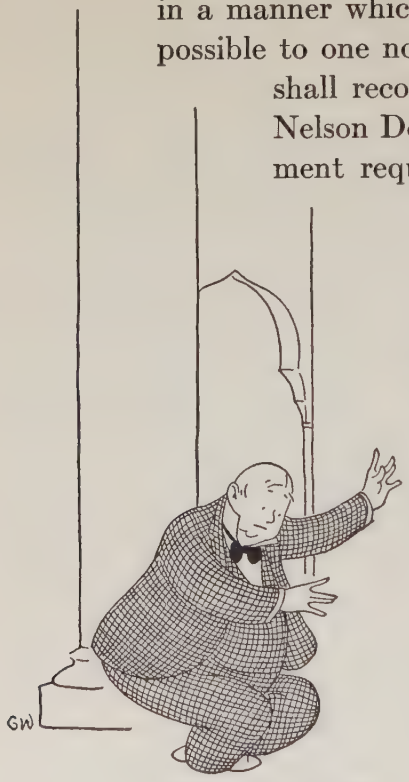
In the Oriental scheme of things, women are little more than beasts of burden. Religion, which in our Western civilization is largely the concern of women, is something unknown to Mohammedan women. Men only worship; women never, so far as I can learn, enter a mosque. Why should they? — they have no souls. On the other hand, men pray, or are supposed to, after certain hygienic formulæ are complied with, several times a day. In mosques, in the streets, in shop and field, and on the deck of a boat on the Nile, it is not unusual to see a man face toward Mecca, drop down upon his knees, strike his forehead upon the ground, and recite, not once but many times, certain parts of the Koran. I am told that at certain hours it is usual for some holy man to climb

to the top of the tower of slender minarets, which is a part of many mosques, and there declare in a sing-song voice: "Allah is the greatest; I testify there is no god but Allah. Come to prayer, come to worship. Allah is the greatest; there is no god but Allah." This would seem to be the brief sum total of their religion; this said, and the sayer is prepared to commit every crime with which we are acquainted, and a few which might be called Mohammedan specialties.

The most interesting institution I saw during my stay in Cairo was the American University, an institution which functions in an old Turkish Pasha's palace, once the birthplace of the Ramleh cigarette (now the Helmar). It was in the auditorium of this institution that Roosevelt made his famous address in which he put order into many things — to the consternation of the English. The University, born in Philadelphia and incorporated at Washington, is a nonsectarian institution, operated by ten or a dozen different sects working — for a wonder — in complete harmony, performing a function as useful and as up to date as an automobile. There are three hundred and fifty students from the upper and middle classes. It is properly a college of arts and sciences.

The best half-dozen mosques in Cairo — and no more — are well worth seeing, although to the Occidental mind they hardly suggest worship, chiefly for the reason that they have no religious furniture:

there are neither pews, chairs, nor benches of any kind, the devout squatting cross-legged on the floor, which may be covered with rugs, carpet, or matting, in a manner which is difficult if not impossible to one not accustomed to it. I shall recommend that my friend Nelson Doubleday add the movement required to accomplish the act of sitting down, *à la turque*, to Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen." Provided the sitter did not break his legs at the first attempt, it would be a fine thing for his waistline.




*Provided the sitter does not break his legs*

What one — what I — enjoyed most in Cairo, if only for a brief time, was the life in the streets: the turmoil, the confusion, and the babble of tongues. Conversations are seemingly entirely the result of misunderstandings. Men shriek and gesticulate at one another in what would appear to be a most dangerous manner, and then get on their donkeys, fre-

quently on the same donkey, and ride away. And through these streets — or alleys, as we should call them — black-robed women carrying children in their arms or perched astride on their shoulders, poor, neglected, bedraggled creatures, are silently wending their way with burdens on their heads. Are they out for an hour's shopping, or going to or coming from work — who shall say? And in these same streets, mounted on high benches, sitting on their heels, are groups of men all busy playing games — checkers or chess or games with dice or cards — and drinking out of tiny cups sweet and filthy coffee. In Egypt one is in a man's world.

The bazaars of Cairo have been too frequently described for me to refer to them other than to say that one is amazed at their number and extent, and especially at the way one goes from one into another. And these bazaars are filled to overflowing with everything which one associates with the East: rugs, embroideries, ivories, brasses, jewels and jewelry (fake and real), perfumes, and things to eat, drink, and smell. But it takes time, courage, and money to secure anything worth while, and after one has cut the merchant's original price in half, not once but several times, and secured his bargain, one departs with it feeling that with a little more patience one could have cut the price in half once more.

Besides the mosques and the museums, there is not much of surpassing interest in Cairo, but just outside,

a few miles away, is the village of Gizeh, with its Pyramids and the Sphinx. One's first glimpse of the Pyramids is disappointing, as is also the Sphinx. The fact is that one's mind can hardly take in their enormous proportions: they affect one as does Niagara; they grow upon one and ultimately become even more stunning, for these are the creations of man which have withstood the stress and storm of centuries. How were they built? How were any of the temples and tombs of Egypt built? The Egyptologist will answer you glibly; but his answer, however convincing, remains unsatisfactory: words, after all, must be translated into deeds. Ah! there 's the rub.

On our way to the Pyramids of Gizeh we passed a number of unimportant farms from which the water of the life-giving Nile was just subsiding. Men, women, camels, donkeys, and poultry live together seemingly in great content. The chickens are, in fact, very small, as are the eggs they lay. One would suppose that in the shadow of the Great Pyramid, with its gigantic size, they would feel encouraged to lay enormous eggs, but it is not so. What, however, they lack in size they make up in strength: I do not like them. Herodotus saw and described the Pyramids and the Sphinx twenty-five hundred years ago, and they were then hoary with age. Who shall guess the riddle of the Sphinx? Had she a riddle? One is told one should visit her again and again: at sunrise and at sunset and at night. I visit nothing at

sunrise; sunset is all very well; but I should not care to prowl around her much at night. The guides and dragomans and the beggars are an infernal nuisance. I rode out to Gizeh several times in an excellent motor, "made in America," and I once so far forgot myself as to climb on a camel to have my photograph taken for the purpose of suggesting to my friends at home that I habitually used a camel as a means of locomotion: I here confess to the deceit.

After eight days I was not sorry to leave Cairo and turn over all the problems of my existence to Thomas Cook and Son, who practically own the Nile — and again let me say that the Nile is Egypt. Especially after I had seen our accommodations on the steamer *Arabia* I felt sure that my holiday was to be a delightful one, and I was not mistaken.

The Nile is a locked river: immense dams have been built across it, by the English, here and there at strategic points, by which the flow of water is carefully regulated. It is these dams —or barrages, as they are called — which have added so greatly to the productive area of Egypt: interfere with their proper functioning, and Egypt would again become what it was before the English took it in hand.

The Nile, like most of the world's great marvels, is at first disappointing. Its length is — what it is — thousands of miles; its width is not impressive, and its depth is silly. One's boat, which draws only

a few feet, is constantly grounding on mud banks; but what of that? It is "liquid history" indeed. Upon it day merges quickly into night and night into day, and the Nile flows on and on, ever changing, yet always the same. A week passes, and another and another, yet there is still the Nile with seemingly the same volume of water, and millions of peasants are by various means drawing water from that same inexhaustible supply. And it is the two methods by which this is done that interested me most in Egypt.

I knew, of course, — everyone knows, — that there is practically no rainfall in Egypt; yet that it is the most fertile country in the world and that this fertility is due solely to the waters of the Nile. But I did not know that, aside from the annual flooding of the land, the water is being forever lifted from the river by two methods, one of which is as old as the country itself, — and only Macaulay's schoolboy (that prodigy!) knows how old that is, — and the other may be scarcely less ancient, counting time as one counts it in Egypt, by thousands of years. Let me attempt to describe the older method first.

Imagine a river flowing between its two banks of black earth, the banks being anywhere from three to fifteen feet above the water. Then imagine a deep trench cut into the bank at right angles with the river, and astride this trench two stout sticks driven into the earth, or perhaps two piers of mud stiffened with the stalks of the sugar cane. Stretched from pier to

pier is a rigid bar having fastened to it a long pole set considerably off centre; on the shorter end is a heavy ball of Nile mud, while on the longer end is a bucket which is dipped into the river, being forced down into the water against the weight of the ball of mud, which has become hardened. The bucket — I call it a bucket by courtesy; it may be a jar or an old tin can, or a mere sack kept open on a ring of twigs — quickly fills itself, the weight of the ball raises the water-filled receptacle, and the operator of this crude device, a man probably naked except for a loin cloth, quickly empties the water into a trench which may be six or seven feet above the level of the river and permits it to flow inland for a short or long distance, according to local conditions.

At a point farther inland is another device with which the operation is repeated; and perhaps, at a further distance, a third. By working these contrivances, which are called shadufs, quickly, and for hours on end, three men can irrigate a field or several fields. And this work never stops: day and night, all along the river, spaced sometimes thirty, sometimes three hundred, feet apart, one sees men operating this primitive contraption, as they have been doing any time during these last five thousand years. We know that the shaduf is at least as old as that, for pictures of it have been found in tombs of that age.

The other water-lifting device, called a sakieh, is not as old as the shaduf, and represents an improve-

ment upon it in that it is worked by a beast rather than by a man. Imagine a stout post set firmly into a heavy wooden platform which has been constructed over a large pit, into which water from the river runs by gravity. On the post and parallel with the platform revolves a large wheel, into the outer circumference of which are driven a number of stout wooden pegs at intervals of six or eight inches — a sprocket wheel, in fact, so heavy and clumsy that it takes a pair of oxen or a stout camel to revolve it; for set at right angles with this wheel is another of similar character, and to this is attached an endless belt to which is fastened at intervals a series of buckets or receptacles of any kind which will hold water. The wheel to which the animal is harnessed, being revolved, revolves in turn the second wheel with its attached buckets, with the result that a constant supply of water is raised and emptied into a deep trench, from which it is conducted by smaller trenches all over the land.

What an engineer would call the friction load of this mechanism is enormous: the cogs do not function smoothly, but bind and creak in operation, making a sort of music which is, however, pleasant compared with the dance music now so much in vogue. This music can be heard well into the night; hearing it, one knows that somewhere, not far away, some small chocolate-colored boy or girl, almost if not quite asleep upon his wheel, is driving an unwilling animal

upon its ceaseless round. I, with another man, tried unsuccessfully to operate one of these devices while a camel looked disdainfully upon our efforts. Reader, have you ever had a camel look disdainfully at you? The camel wears, habitually, an expression of supercilious vindictiveness which it would be hard to match in the animal kingdom.

As I raise my head from these notes I see a string of five of these strange animals moving slowly along the road which runs along the bank of the Nile: they are silhouetted in black against the setting sun and look like immense heaps of cornstalks in motion, loaded down as they are with great bundles of sugar cane which conceal their bodies, all except their legs. The camel fascinates me; it always has: it is so ridiculous in appearance, yet so admirably adapted to its purpose or the purpose for which it is used. Have you seen it crouching upon the earth to receive its burden? In getting down you would say that it had dislocated all four of its legs, but not so. At the word of command it rises, pitches forward. "There it goes! I knew it!" you say to yourself. In another moment it has righted itself like a ship in a storm and starts off.

Authorities seem agreed that a camel in motion operates as follows. First it moves one of its front feet forward. Then, not immediately, but some seconds later, it moves one of its hind feet forward. Next it moves the other front foot forward. Finally,

but by no means immediately, it brings up the other hind foot. This delayed action of the rear feet naturally causes the animal's torso to progress in two distinct and separate sections. The front half gets going first. Then later on the rear half suddenly realizes it is about to be left behind and joins up with a mighty jerk. All of which makes riding on the ship of the desert every bit as comfortable as riding a hurricane in a rowboat, but for very different anatomical reasons. What those reasons are has been explained eloquently by tourists who, after returning to Cairo from a camel ride to the Pyramids and the Sphinx, have frequently been discovered eating their meals off a shelf in their bedrooms.

The camel's legs are covered with corns and calluses, its feet are mere pads, and it stinks to heaven; yet of what feats of strength and endurance it is capable!

I bethought me of that fascinating book, *Revolt in the Desert*, and how its author depended upon his camel, and how, when it died from exhaustion, he ate it, raw, — for he was afraid to build a fire, — observing that one quickly tires of raw camel sinew as food: I can believe it. I am loath to leave the camel; when I get home I must look up Kipling's lines, which go something like this: —

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock 's but a fool,
The elephant 's a gentleman, the battery-mule 's a mule;
But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said an' done,
'E 's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one.

It is a joy to see a camel turn its look of vindictive contempt upon a Ford car, — of the vintage of 1915, and still going loud, if not strong, — as who should say, "You too shall pass; have I not seen a boat with wings rise into the heavens and disappear, and be damned to you?"

I have seen motors, particularly Fords, in Egypt, stripped down to their essential parts, as naked and unashamed as a woman on the beach at Atlantic City. It is really amazing with how few parts a Ford can function and what a noise it makes: suggesting a reaping machine engaged in leveling a stone wall. We rode, one day, for some miles in a Ford with all tires flat, followed by a mob of men and boys, on the off-chance that something would happen, but nothing did. At the end of the journey all expected to receive "backsheesh" for having acted in the capacity of gas, water, and spare parts; but there would seem to be no general demand for "spare parts": if a Ford loses a part, it just goes on, I will not say uncomplainingly, but it goes on without it.

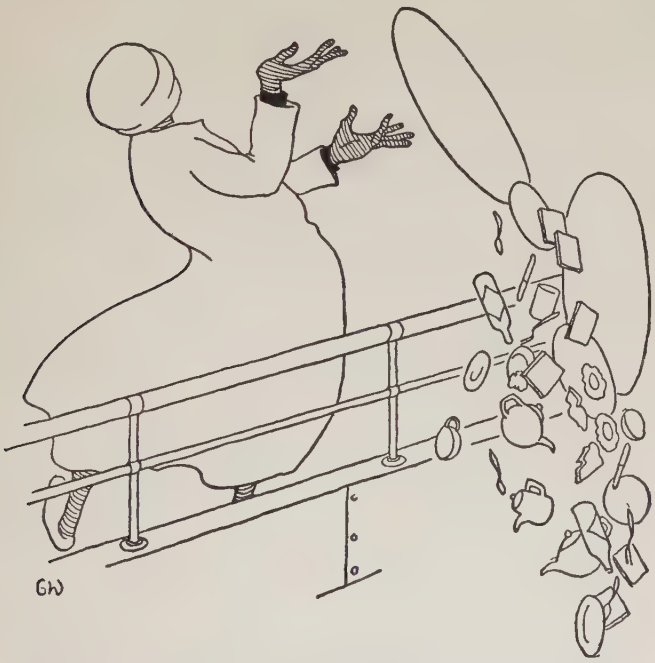
I had only been on the *Arabia* a few minutes when a man came up and introduced himself to me, saying that he was Britten Austin and that he had carried around with him for several years a letter of introduction from Thomas J. Wise, the dean of book-collectors in London, but that he had not expected to meet me in Egypt. I knew Austin by name, of course: perhaps the best-known writer of short

stories now living — Kipling having long since given over that difficult art. Austin's being on the *Arabia* was a delightful incident. He had been everywhere, and was a brilliant and exact talker: it made no difference to him whether the conversation turned on the Amazon, — of which I know nothing except that it is a river, — or comparative religions, competitive armaments, or the merits of the English as compared with the Russian novel; all subjects were one to him. One respects a man like that, but when in addition I discovered that he was prepared to debate some vexed and quite unimportant point in bibliography, my respect turned to envy, and finally to hate. If ever I get that man in my library! . . .

The shifting bottom of the Nile frequently makes it necessary for Arabs with long poles to stand in the bow of the lower deck to measure the depth of the water, and even with this precaution we frequently run into mud banks, with a resulting jar. One morning I had just finished dressing when there was a sudden lurch followed by a grinding crash, followed by piercing cries of horror from members of the crew. "That 's just what I expected," I remarked to myself. "We have torn the bottom out of our boat and left our engine in the Nile." Such an incident was worth seeing, so I hurriedly left my cabin and rushed to the lower deck — and this is what I saw.

The *Arabia* draws about four feet of water, and its engine, working two large paddle wheels, stands on

the flat steel bottom of the boat in an exposed engine pit, which is surrounded by a brass rail. We had grounded just as a husky Arab carrying two large breakfast trays — bottles of Celestine and Evian



*Deposits his trays with their contents upon an oiler below*

water, tea and hot water and toast, ham, eggs, and the inevitable orange marmalade — was thrown off centre by the shock, and deposited the trays with their contents upon an oiler below who was tinkering about with his oil can, as is the habit of oilers. He received the trays and their contents on his head,

much to his astonishment; thence they descended into the machinery. "The mills of the gods grind slowly"; so it was with our engine: bottles, cups, saucers, plates, and their contents fell from one part of the engine to another below it, with continuing if lessening crashes, until at last all was quiet except the excited members of the crew, who danced about in ecstasy uttering piercing screams of delight. "Give 'em something to talk about for months," remarked our imperturbable Scotch engineer. It was several hours before cleanliness was restored.

Something of interest is always going forward on the *Arabia:* just at the moment of writing we are passing through the locks of Assiut, and the landscape is as ever-changing as our course on the river. We zigzag from side to side, seeking the channel, which at one moment closely skirts a bank of Nile mud through which the river has recently cut its channel, at another avoids a wide shelving beach of sand, which in its turn quickly becomes a precipitous mountain of sandstone. I remember once when motoring in Wales being impressed by the rapidity with which the landscape changed from meadow to mountain; Egypt has the same characteristic. It is never for more than a few minutes the same. It is an incredibly narrow country, as narrow as a piece of string — or rope, to go back to the simile with which I began this paper. Both river banks are dotted with small villages which are filthy beyond words: rain

has never been known to fall, and the dust is as fine as flour and inches deep. The Nile, which has many of the characteristics of the Mississippi, is full of mud, but the natives drink it with impunity, with the result, as I heard someone say, that they must have soil enough in their bellies to raise a substantial crop of — anything, for the soil is so rich that one could grow umbrellas, if umbrellas were a desirable crop, merely by sticking them in the ground.

Along the river bank, on one side or the other, frequently on both, is a narrow highway on which strings of heavily loaded camels or tiny donkeys, carrying one and sometimes two men, — smoking imperturbably, their bare feet and legs dangling loosely, — may be seen; while following their lords and masters on foot, with water jars or baskets upon their heads, may be seen the women, walking upright with stately tread, their burdens carefully balanced, their black and filthy robes trailing in the dust. It will be a long time before skirts to or above the knee become fashionable "up the Nile." When anything is to be carried, the women carry it. I remember seeing, one morning, a woman carrying a large chicken coop, filled with chickens — on her head. The man walking at her side was carrying a cigarette — in his mouth.

Yet one comes to have a feeling of pity as well as respect for the Egyptian peasant, or fellah, as he is called: he is so patient and, in his own sense, so in-

dustrious. He lives on practically nothing, and he grows it himself. A flat loaf of bread or cake made of barley or some other grain, without sweetening or flavoring of any kind except salt and rancid grease, with the plentiful onion, is the standard diet; and men, women, and children are always sucking a stalk of sugar cane when they can get it, while the men do not disdain to go into a field and gather a huge handful of growing clover (the story of Nebuchadnezzar is certainly true, as so many Bible stories are) and eat it with seeming relish. The use of alcohol is forbidden by the Koran, and this rule is, I believe, generally observed. Not often now does one meet a beggar, unless he be a blind or a very old man. The children, to be sure, annoy one with their incessant cries for "Backsheesh! Backsheesh!" ("A gift! A gift!"), but as both the Egyptian Government and Cook frown upon the custom of giving promiscuously, little attention is paid to them.

There are many seemingly thriving towns up the Nile in which the houses are well built, but those in the villages are merely one-story huts, of brick made of mud, dried in the sun, and bonded together by river slime, or are mere palisades of the stalks of sugar cane, on either side of which has been smeared a thick veneer of mud. Of roofs, in our sense of the word, there are none: protection from rain is not important, for there is no rain; protection from the sun is another matter, and it is secured by laying branches of

trees from one wall to another, these being, in turn, covered with the stalks of the sugar cane, which resemble in character and appearance our cornstalks. These "roofs," if they protect from the sun, afford harbor for every form of vermin, and snakes abound. The snake charmer is a not uncommon character, and one afternoon at Luxor I saw one who did, or seemed to do, marvelous things — but he may have been a fake.

I sing of that I know, the common house fly: it is very small, and swarms by millions all over Egypt. About half the size of our fly, it makes up by its persistence and agility what it lacks in size, and it tickles beyond belief. The sale of fly swatters, made of everything conceivable, — wire, horsehair, fibre, rope, and so forth, — is a thriving industry. These are never used by the natives, who have been taught that Allah sent the fly for some good purpose and it is not to be shooed away, but allowed to lay its eggs in children's eyes, and if the children become blind it is Allah's will. Indeed, the flies do not seem to annoy the natives: I have seen children playing about or asleep, their faces covered with them; and I once watched an old man sitting quietly at the rudder of a sailboat with dozens of these insects crawling very contentedly about his eyes, but he made no effort to drive them away.

There is a curious optical illusion on the Nile: as one sits contentedly in one's steamer chair watching the ever-changing panorama, the background of the

picture seems to be proceeding in the same direction as the steamer, while the foreground is moving rapidly astern. Many prominent pens have attempted to describe the lure of Egypt, and in my opinion they have failed, signally. No less an artist, in words, than Thomas Hardy could make a pen picture of the Nile which could convey, to one who has not seen it, its manifold beauty: its fertile places, interspersed with mountainous cliffs of sandstone, and the glory of its blazing sun. I had no idea that a dry and sandy desert could be so beautiful in such various ways. There is sand and sand: sand which may be as fine and black as pepper, sand as bright and shining as guinea gold, and shifting sand on which only a camel can walk with comfort. At night one observes that the sky, so blue as to be almost black, serves chiefly for a setting for thousands of stars, making such a firmament as causes one to forget how man has appropriated and employed the marvels of nature and exclaim with the Psalmist: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Indeed, I felt that I was rapidly becoming a Star-worshiper, when my eyes fell upon the ruins of a temple, so colossal in size, so amazing in design and execution, and withal so old, as to bring me quickly out of my revery.

I shall say nothing of the tombs and temples of Egypt, or their number and variety. The ancient Egyptians had small knowledge of the use of metals

in our sense. Their land was composed of rock, water, and earth washed down from countries far away to the south; this earth by irrigation they made enormously fertile. There was "corn in Egypt" centuries before the announcement was made. Life encompassed two things, luxury and labor: of both more than traces remain. Time was no object and labor was cheap. To see a mountain of rock was to wish to hew and transport and carve and worship it. How were these enormous temples and statues erected? The belief in and craving for immortality was seemingly the strongest passion in these old Pharaohs — one of whom was a woman, Queen Hatshepsut, the Queen Elizabeth of her time. Fancy a civilization which reached its zenith twenty-seven hundred years before Christ!

Our tour on the Nile is almost over; it has been a delightful one. Our dragoman, George, the best on the Nile, one night recited to us a poem which he said had been written by a distinguished American lady. I recognized it at once as coming from the overflowing pen of Carolyn Wells: —

I want to be a Tourist
  And with the Tourists stand,
A helmet on my forehead,
  A guide book in my hand.
I want to go to Egypt,
  I want to do the Nile,
I want to ride a camel
  And see a crocodile.

But whether I see temples,
Or whether I see mosques,
Or whether I see tombs of Kings,
Or whether I see kiosks,
Or if I ride o'er desert plains,
Or walk through desert gorge,
Whenever I go seeing things
I want to go with George.

I want to go to Assouan,
I want to see the falls,
I want to buy in Assuit
A lot of silly shawls.
I want to be a Tourist
With helmet made of cork.
But most of all I want to go
Straight back to old New York.

Carolyn's verse has one great merit: one knows what it is about: one does not have to traverse that scholarly book of my friend John Livingston Lowes, *The Road to Zanadu*, to discover where she is going.

When we came on board the *Arabia* six weeks ago we knew no one; now most of the company are friends, at least for the time being. Americans and English, of course, predominate, with a sprinkling of Germans; no French — what would they do so far from the boulevards of Paris? The Americans make themselves known by their high shrill voices and the impression they instantly create of taking possession of things generally. Our boat has the usual number of English maiden ladies, carrying their Eng-

lish ideas and habits with them, as they always do, to the uttermost parts of the world. On Christmas Day, one sweet old lady — right out of the pages of *Cranford* — came up to me as we were approaching Luxor and asked me whether I thought the shops would be open to-morrow. "Why, yes, madam, why not?" I replied. "Well, it is Boxing Day, is n't it?" she twittered, reproachfully.

Throughout our trip our every want has been anticipated and supplied. We have lived in the luxury of an excellent hotel. If mineral waters, a necessity, are expensive, some things are cheap: good Scotch whiskey, famous brands, can be had in all the villages for $1.62 per quart bottle! Our boat anchors about bedtime and our sleep is undisturbed. It is bitter cold at night and very hot in the sun: this makes frequent changes of clothes necessary, but what else has one to do? We go ashore every day once, sometimes twice: camels and donkeys, motors even, are forthcoming as needed, and Arabs to carry one in a chair when one is old or indolent, as is the writer.

The men who worked the boat were constantly singing or chanting in unison, some word or cluster of words, usually, it seemed to me, the same long word differently accented. Did they tug at a rope to make a landing or with long poles push the boat from the bank into the stream, the leader would utter a weird cry, the rest would take it up and lengthen

it — it was a sort of chanty. The huge stones which form the Pyramids were, no doubt, placed in position to these same rude tunes.

I had a lot of fun one day when my wife and I were being carried in chairs — each of us by four bearers. As the men lifted us from the ground and adjusted the poles of our chairs to their shoulders, they began their weird singing and off they went at a dogtrot. The men ran in their bare feet over stones which would have cut stout leather shoes to ribbons; one man stumbled, caught himself, and went on in high good humor. My wife did not much like the motion and started to expostulate, but the men either did n't hear or did not understand, and went on merrily. She cried "Stop!" My wife likes to be obeyed — I know that. Then she clapped her hands to attract their attention. This the men took for a sign of delight and went the faster. To my everlasting shame, I laughed. Never shall I forget the look of scorn my wife gave me — and I laughed no more that day.

I tried hard to discover something of the religion of the Egyptians, but it was beyond me. What they did not understand they worshiped — also much that they did: birds, bulls, crocodiles, and cats. The *ba* is the soul: it returns from time to time to visit the body preserved in the tomb. The *aakhu* departs from the body after death and presumably finds another existence. A scholar said to me that

it is very complicated even to the Egyptologist, adding, "In another two thousand years what we call Christianity may be just as complicated as the Egyptian religion is now to us. Think of the intricate process of disentangling Roman Catholicism from Protestantism, Congregationalism from Unitarianism, and from amongst all the various sects and creeds developing a clear conception of the worship of Christ. It is open to considerable doubt whether Christ will stand out as plainly then as Osiris does now to us."

Egypt is very remote: I do not mean geographically, or in point of time, but it does not seem in the least to impinge upon our life: it is another world. We come nearest to it when we think of Cleopatra, who was, by the way, not an Egyptian, but a Greek. One's mind reverts to Dryden's wonderful play, *All for Love or The World Well Lost* "written in imitation of Shakespeare's stile," now, alas! never performed. As an acting play it was, throughout the eighteenth century, preferred to Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. One looks out over a broad expanse of muddy water to the desert beyond and thinks of that great purple patch: —

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water. The poop was beaten gold; etc.

How well it is that the poet should have seen the Nile only in his imagination, and while I was musing upon

Shakespeare's Cleopatra and Bernard Shaw's wonderful burlesque my eye lighted upon a newspaper in which I read this: —

The mortal remains of Cleopatra, the siren of the Nile, beloved of Mark Antony and Julius Cæsar, have been laid to rest in a grave in the gardens of the French National Library — such is the somewhat startling news disclosed by *L'Intransigeant*, which gives a circumstantial account of how the mummy of the famous Egyptian queen was brought to Paris after the ill-fated Egyptian campaign of Napoleon.

Lodged in one of the rooms of the National Library, the mummy, with two others, remained undisturbed until the War of 1870, when officials of the institution, fearing the Germans might carry off the treasure to Berlin, secreted it in the cellars with other precious objects.

The atmosphere of the dark underground room soon had a strange and unwholesome effect upon the mummy, and it was decided to bury it in the gardens. This was done without fuss or publicity, and to-day the remains of Cleopatra are to be found in the gardens of the Library, near the Rue Vivienne.

Has not the time come to exhume the great lady and bury her with the honors her name deserves? In giving all these details *L'Intransigeant* says that eminent Egyptologists have examined the mummy with its inscriptions and pronounced it authentic.

Our steamer works its way to the landing place for an inland excursion; instantly all is confusion and excitement: Arabs, scarabs, camels, donkeys and donkey boys; men, white, brown, and black, seeking to sell beads and relics, made yesterday, screaming

and gesticulating, prancing about in the dust of ages, four inches deep. Will order ever be restored? one thinks. It will, and promptly. "George" and his assistant see to that, gradually a line is formed, someone is leading; we move off in good order. Our destination may be some temple several miles away. We shall have lunch among the ruins — an excellent lunch, we know from experience — and we shall be back to the boat in excellent time for a "wash and a brushup" and the inevitable cup of tea — all thanks to Thomas Cook and Son.

Egypt has been overrun and conquered many times; what nation, ancient or modern, has not taken toll of her? But the last conqueror of Egypt is Cook.

## VII

### IN JERUSALEM

We were in Wadi Halfa, about one thousand miles up the Nile; had made the usual excursion to the Second Cataract, and were in some quandary whether to spend a few days at the excellent Cataract Hotel at Assuan on our way down the Nile or go directly to Cairo and thence to Jerusalem. We decided on the latter.

Wadi Halfa is, after Egypt, a clean town; wherever the English go they clean up. The streets are swept and sprinkled, and well policed. The natives are seemingly friendly now, but Wadi Halfa is in the Sudan and before Kitchener of Khartum put the fear of God into the Sudanese they were very treacherous. Kitchener built the railway from Wadi Halfa to Khartum as a military measure, but trade follows the flag.

When we reached Cairo we, this time, went to Shepheard's Hotel, I suppose one of the most celebrated hotels in the world. It seemed quite like getting home after our wanderings, and as we sat over our coffee and tobacco in the lounge after dinner I saw a woman across the room flying signals apparently at my daughter, who recognized an old "Bryn

Martyr" and immediately joined her. She had an interesting story to tell. Like ourselves, she had just reached Cairo, but she had *come quite alone from the Cape.* Now this is an adventure for a group of men, and, for a lone woman, quite unheard of. Cook does not recommend the journey, which is long, rough, and not free from danger, and will not sell tickets. I asked our friend whether she might have exhausted the possibilities of getting a husband in civilized lands, and she laughingly admitted she had. Then she told us that she and another woman had agreed to make the trip, how at the last minute the other woman got "cold feet," and how she determined to make the adventure — which she said turned out to be without untoward incident — alone.

"You were, of course," I said, "very careful about what you ate and drank." "Very," she replied. "If the water stank I did n't drink it, and if the food was rotten I did n't eat it." I listened in amazement, thinking how careful we had been, and then remarked, "I suppose you had letters of introduction everywhere." "That I had," she replied, "and I paid very handsomely for them, or rather for it. I bought it from Brown Brothers and Company, and I drew money without difficulty in countries that your friend Crosby Brown never heard of."

I think I rather prefer Shepheard's to the Semiramis: it may not be quite so excellent, but it is in the centre of things and its terrace is world-renowned.

As someone has said, "sooner or later every famous man in the world is seen on the terrace of Shepheard's." But the guides, the dragomans, are a nuisance: descend the steps to the street and you are mobbed with people who want to show you something, take you somewhere, sell you something. A black-and-tan mongrel youth approached me late one afternoon and inquired if I did not want to see the beautiful Egyptian girl dance naked. "No," I replied decidedly; "what is she dancing for?" "Joy," was his reply. The vision of a dirty, middle-aged woman distorting herself, disgustingly, rose before me, as did the more pleasing pictures of the "Little Egypts" and "Little Turkeys" of my youth. They first came to us at the time of the World's Fair in Chicago, settled down and grew old with us, and called forth the song "Roxiana Dooley," which made such a success in *The Belle of New York*. May I sing it for you?

When I was tendin' bar for Michael Dooley,
On the corner of the Bow'ry and Canal,
Me heart, beneath me jacket, grew unrooly,
For love of Michael Dooley's youngest gal.
She used to go a-spielin' down at Coney,
Oh, dancin' was, with her, a perfect rage;
She was limber as a piece of macaroni,
And soon she went a-dancin' on the stage.

*Refrain*
Oh, Roxiana Dooley, the girl I love most truly,
Is dancin' in the Vaudevill in mosquito nettin' pants;

She is wobbly, she is jerky, they call her Little Turkey,
She does the squirmy, wormy, naughty Coo-chee Coo-chee dance.

Oh, Roxie's Irish as a boiled potater,
Her nose it is a Connemara pug;
But when she dances in the big theayter,
She looks as Oriental as a rug.
You 'd say she came from Williamsburgh or Asia,
Her amber hair is dyed an inky black;
And she 'll tie herself in knots that will amaze yer,
Oh, you 'd think a snake was crawlin' down her back.

*Refrain*

But this is a serious paper, and I should be singing "Jerusalem, the Golden," which I know quite as well. I was tired of Cairo and cared not how soon we left the place; by this time to-morrow we should be on our way.

Jerusalem! I am afraid I had given little thought as to what I should see there. I did not then know that one should go to the "Holy City" as a pilgrim, not as a tourist. Jerusalem is a severe test upon one's bump of belief, and my bump is not pronounced: it is, in fact, a depression. Jerusalem is not — from Cairo — much of a pilgrimage. One gets into an excellent train, has dinner, and changes at Kantara West, and on a silly little ferryboat crosses the Suez Canal, a matter of some four hundred feet, to Kantara East, gets into an excellent sleeper and goes to bed, in Asia. Next morning, after breakfast, one changes

again into a railway carriage better fitted to climb the mountains to the city, which is set upon a hill, — in fact, upon several hills, — and there you are.

One has a curious sensation upon arrival: one thinks of the Holy Sepulchre and of the many centuries in which it was in the keeping of the "unspeakable Turk"; one thinks of the Crusades, those enormous movements of peoples from west to east which altered the course of history and changed, so many times, the map. And one descends at a perfectly modern railway station in a very modern town, gets into an automobile, and is whirled to one's hotel. It is perhaps a mile to the Grand New Hotel — which has not been new for forty years, and if it once suggested grandeur, it no longer does. But it is fairly neat and comfortable: one demands several rooms with baths and heat, and one is accommodated. What if the heat is supplied by an oil stove? It is nevertheless heat, and after several hours in an unheated railway carriage on a bitter cold winter's day one is not too particular.

Cook — how could one travel without Cook? — has been apprised of our coming, and we are met at the station by a man who seems delighted to see us, and tells us that our guide is awaiting us at the hotel. And it was so, and an excellent guide he proved to be. Need one say that Jerusalem is now and has ever been a walled city, with many gates? Certainly not. But not everyone knows that when the former Ger-

man Emperor made his theatrical entrance into the city, some years ago, which he announced was henceforth to be under his protection, he had a huge hole made in the walls of the city, that he might enter in what seemed to him a fitting manner. The chief entrance — that is to say, the one by which tourists formerly entered the city — was the Jaffa Gate, but the traffic now flows through the Emperor's Hole, for the historic gateway would hardly accommodate automobile traffic; indeed, one can go only a few yards inside the walls, in a motor, on account of the very tortuous and narrow streets and their precipitous inclines.

Our visit was in January, perhaps the worst month in the year for going to Jerusalem, and it had been raining the day before and it might rain again, — so our guide said, — so we contented ourselves with a glance at the crowded and noisy streets, and then entered a waiting motor for a journey to the Dead Sea and the River Jordan.

It was a cold, bleak ride; the sun shone intermittently, and the distance seemed interminable. The Dead Sea is, in itself, an interesting phenomenon: it is about thirteen hundred feet below the level of the not far off Mediterranean, and it receives its water chiefly from one source, the River Jordan. There are no especially saline features in the basin itself, and but few in the waters which enter into it, but there is no egress whatever. Water leaves the

Dead Sea by evaporation only, and through countless millenniums such salt as there was has remained in the "sea," until now it is indescribably salty and bitter. The dryness of the atmosphere alone prevents the sea from overflowing.

Our guide in and about Jerusalem was an intelligent and obliging gentleman, speaking excellent English and having, himself, no delusions whatever as to the genuineness of the places and things that he showed us. We spent several days in his company, and, looking back, I cannot remember that he ever stated anything as a fact. In this he was wise, for, except for the city itself and its great ineffaceable landmarks, it is full of fakes, frauds, and sucker bait. And we, Philadelphians, who are witnesses to the development of the legend of Betsy Ross and the Flag, should not require much explanation as to how the thousand and one legends of the happenings in and about Jerusalem lengthened and strengthened and thickened, until their exploitation came to form the chief, indeed the only, industry of the city: it all came about quite naturally.

For several centuries after the birth of Christ and until the Emperor Constantine embraced Christianity, Jerusalem had been the scene of many battles and of much bloodshed; it had been, in fact, practically destroyed. But thither, about the year 325, came Queen Helena, the mother of Constantine, with a desire to see things. The city was then a scene of

desolation: its inhabitants few and poor, and hardly aware of the glory that was Jerusalem. To what did they owe the honor of this visit? To the desire of the lady to see the place of the Crucifixion and, perchance, to find the cross on which the Saviour was crucified. The Queen had traveled far; it would indeed be sad if so distinguished a visitor should be disappointed in her search. After some delay and difficulty a cross was found; then two more, and the crown of thorns. Quite naturally, the question arose as to which was the cross, the true cross, on which the Saviour had been crucified. A certain bishop who accompanied the Empress was equal to this emergency: each cross was taken in turn to the bedside of a dying woman, and the true cross was revealed when it touched the woman's body and caused her instant restoration to health. The Empress thereupon enclosed a portion of the cross in a silver box — silver was at the time more valuable than gold — and sent it to her son, which accounts for its now being in Constantinople.

Thus began the systematic frauds which have continued to this day. Pilgrims returning to their native countries carried with them weird tales of the holy places they had seen and the miracles that had been performed for their benefit. These tales fired the imagination of other pilgrims, and each succeeding generation, demanding greater and greater wonders, was supplied. The custody of the true cross was

entrusted to the then Bishop of Jerusalem and his successors, and they did a thriving business in selling small pieces thereof, until at last it became convenient, as Gibbon says, "to suppose that the marvelous wood possessed a secret power of vegetation and that its substance though constantly diminished still remained entire and unimpaired."

It did not require much imagination to see that an inexhaustible source of revenue had been tapped: the demand for relics grew by what it fed upon, and the "manger" in which the Infant Christ lay was discovered; a portion of this may still be seen in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. It will be remembered that this church is erected on a spot where snow — snow, mind you — was found on a certain morning in August, many years ago; but let that pass. Before the altar is an ornate pit, surrounded by a marble balustrade, in which is a large kneeling statue of Pope Pius IX: he is looking with a broad smile at the altar, behind which is a treasury which contains a portion of the manger. I like to think that he is smiling at the idea that sober men, like myself, still pay handsomely to see this sacred relic.

But to return to Jerusalem. A few years after the visit of Queen Helena, who had by this time become a saint, Jerome, a father of the Church and a great scholar, took up his abode in the neighboring town of

Bethlehem, where he employed himself in compiling and editing what has come to be the Vulgate, our Bible. Jerome wrote that every species of crime and vice — and he proceeds to enumerate them — was practised by the inhabitants of Jerusalem. The city had become, from the gifts of pilgrims, enormously rich, hence the object of intermittent attack. Such was, and to some extent still is, the Holy City, which we were visiting under the guidance of a man as completely *désillusionné* in the matter of relics as I am.

It will be remembered that Jerusalem — and Jerusalem means "city of peace" — was an old and important city long before the birth of Christ, and that notwithstanding the significance of its name it has been throughout its long history the almost constant scene of battle, bloodshed, and revolution. Legends which antedate the Saviour by a thousand years lie thick all around. Egypt is old, but its age does not seem to intrude itself upon one. In Palestine one is stunned and bewildered by the mental familiarity, if I may use the expression, of what one sees. We entered a motor; almost before we got up to speed, the site, the alleged site, of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah was pointed out to us. Like all properly reared boys of my generation, I had listened to much reading of the Bible and had been made to read it myself. I remembered the fate of the cities of the plain, and I was glad that our guide did not point out the salty remains of Lot's wife, which earlier travelers

claim to have seen. The Dead Sea offers little to the tourist except what he brings with him; I wet my hands in it, and then said to the guide, "Now show me the Jordan." We reëntered the motor and drove a short distance to a swollen and muddy creek. *Voilà le Jourdain!* Here was a more distinct disappointment.

The Jordan, the principal river in Palestine, rises, no doubt, somewhere or other, flows into the Lake of Galilee, and out of it again, a distance of some sixty miles as the crow flies, two hundred as it pursues its tortuous course into the Dead Sea, out of which, as I have said, it never emerges. Its width is from twenty to one hundred and fifty feet, and its depth from nothing to twelve feet, dependent upon where one takes soundings. We were looking at the "Place of Baptism," and I then and there made a wise resolution: namely, to try to be respectful, not to laugh at anything which might be shown me. In Palestine one should have that faith which removes mountains, and I have ever been a skeptic. Since my return I have been told by one who resided in Palestine for several years that the annual baptismal ceremonies which take place on the banks of the Jordan resemble, markedly, a revue in the Folies-Bergère, but that they are given in a great tent, with side-shows all around. I am not squeamish, but there is a place for all things, and a "naked show" on the banks of the Jordan seems, to one of my bringing up, horrible.

"How about lunch?" I said. "It is provided at Jericho," was the reply. "Then let us go to Jericho," and to Jericho we went, I thinking how many times I have sent one or another to Jericho, never expecting to go there myself. It was once a city of

*In Palestine one should have that faith which removes mountains*

importance: it had a theatre and a palace, and King Herod died there; Mark Antony gave it to Cleopatra as a present, and the prophet Elijah spent his last days there and departed from near-by Jordan, it will be remembered, in a chariot of fire. Subsequently it became a ruin, and a ruin it remains, for the present

hovels which house — if they can be said to house — a thousand souls hardly form a town; and the hotel where we lunched, the Grand Winter Palace — well, it did its best for us and with that we were perforce content. On our way back to Jerusalem we were shown the spot where a certain man fell among thieves: the Inn Samaritan marks the spot, and it was interesting to learn that it was not until a thousand years after the event mentioned in the Bible that the place was indicated.

Tired, cold, and hungry, we reached our hotel, and with some pleasant English people, with whom we had gone up the Nile, gathered around our oil stove and indulged in that pleasant function, tea, laced with some excellent brandy which I had taken the precaution to carry with me.

After dinner I sought to present a letter of introduction to the Bishop of Jerusalem, — a bishop of the Church of England, that is, — but he was out of town; so instead I went out into David Street and struck up an acquaintance with a strapping young Englishman whose uniform told me he was a member of the Palestine Police, with which Great Britain is endeavoring to put order into the country. I came upon him just as he was threatening to arrest a man for cruelly beating a donkey. I asked him how he liked his job. "I 'ate it," he said; and then continued, "You see, these people are Harabs and they 've no idea 'ow to treat hanimals. But what

can h'I do? This country can't hafford to lock 'em up, heven if h'I harrested 'em. Hearly in the mornin' h'I sometimes takes 'em hup an' makes 'em set in the station hall day an' lets 'em go at night. They vanishes for a week maybe, maybe not — 'ow can h'I tell? They 're hall a mass of whiskers, if you harsk me."

"The climate is lovely in the spring," he said, in reply to my question, "but what 's a chap to do with 'is time hoff? 'E can go to the pictures, but the letterin' is in Harabic an' h'I can't catch it. H'I can speak it fairly, but read it, who in 'ell can? H'I can't, for one."

"Nor I, for another," I replied.

" 'Ave you been down to Jericho?" he asked. "That 's where the man fell among thieves in the Bible; an' hit 's easy to do now: the country is full of caves, lots of 'em; a man can disappear an' leave no trace, not for years. A bit back they 'ad a shot at the Bishop of Jerusalem," he continued. "'E 's the 'eavy swell in these parts. H'I 'opes 'e likes 'is job better 'n h'I do mine."

Of life, in the accepted sense of the word, there is little or nothing in Jerusalem: the people work and quarrel and go to bed, or go to bed without quarreling. Our little party sat around a solitary electric lamp and read: I had a copy of *Eothen* with me. Who that has read that delightful book of travel can forget it! It is the story of an adventurous young

Englishman with a keen sense of humor, who made his way practically alone through Turkey and Palestine, and across the desert into Egypt. The mere fact that the book has for almost a century kept its rank as the best of all books of travel sufficiently recommends it. It was with difficulty that I put the book aside, climbed into a clean and excellent bed, and was soon fast asleep.

> Jerusalem, the golden!
> With milk and honey blest.

How often as a child I have raised my small voice in this grand old hymn! It was, I am afraid, the poorest possible preparation for a visit to the city of the present. Jerusalem, within the walls, is a tiny town of only two hundred and ten acres, about the size of a goodish farm. About one fifth of this entire area is occupied by the Haramesh-Sherif (the Noble Sanctuary), an enclosed space on the flattened summit of Mount Moriah. It appealed to me as being perhaps the only authentic spot in Jerusalem, as it is certainly the most beautiful and impressive one. Here Solomon, almost one thousand years before Christ, erected the most famous temple in history; here he had his palace and gave judgment. Four hundred years later it was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar. It was rebuilt by the Jews, and pillaged or partly destroyed by various conquerors; rebuilt by King Herod, and again destroyed, this time by Titus;

subsequently it became the Dome of the Rock or the Mosque of Omar, whichever may be its proper name. Whoever it was, among many, who erected or restored, or reërected or re-restored, this historic mosque did a magnificent job. It is a huge octagon, surmounted by a circular building which carries the Dome, immediately beneath which is the Sacred Rock. All in all, it is the most beautiful building I have ever seen.

This is, indeed, the general opinion. A friend to whom I had written replied: "I too think the Dome of the Rock the most beautiful building I have ever seen. There is something in the situation and the simplicity which reënforces the overwhelming sense of history, as one stands on the spot where a single god, whether Allah, Jupiter, Jehovah, or God, has been worshiped, uninterruptedly, from the earliest time of which even tradition exists. As I looked over the polished marble rail at the great Rock beneath the Dome, I felt as if the plumb line of history had dropped at my feet."

The legends about the Rock, which is huge and bare, are fantastic. Here Melchizedek offered sacrifice, as did Abraham offer his son Isaac; here stood the Ark of the Covenant, and beneath the Rock the Prophet Jeremiah concealed it, where it is to this day. The Rock was at one time suspended in the air; from it Mohammed ascended into Heaven on his miraculous mare, and the Rock was about to follow suit

when the Angel Gabriel repressed it: the print of his hand, an immense depression, is shown. Another indentation is exhibited as a footprint either of Christ or of Mohammed, according to the religion one affects. But notwithstanding all this nonsense, the Dome, the Temple, the Mosque, — whatever you will, — is glorious. In the Moorish style, of marble and porcelain, which resist the weather and glisten in the sun, it was the model for several old round churches in England, including the Temple Church in London.

David Street is the Broadway of Jerusalem. It begins at the Jaffa Gate and descends, and then ascends to the enclosure within which is the Dome of the Rock. An architect might describe David Street as being a stairway four yards wide, the treads of which are ten feet wide and the risers four inches. Along or through this steep and narrow thoroughfare there is a constant and colorful procession of Arabs, Jews, Greeks, Armenians, Christians, donkeys, and camels, all uttering weird noises in an effort safely to thread their way through the chief shopping and market district of the old city. It is a sight always to be remembered.

There is another fine mosque within the same enclosure not far from the Dome of the Rock, a mosque which as a Christian church dates back to the year 500, near the entrance to which is the tomb of the murderers of Thomas à Becket, who are said to have

made a penitential visit to Jerusalem and died there. Within this mosque also is the Praying Place of Moses, and another stone bearing the imprint of the foot of Christ, and not far off is the Golden Gate through which Christ the meek and lowly entered on Palm Sunday, and so forth, and so forth. The tree on which the remorseful Judas hanged himself did not interest us nearly as much as several groups of old and magnificent cedars to which no history was attached.

Without a guide it would be difficult to thread the crooked, narrow lanes outside the enclosure of which the Dome of the Rock is the centre, and one might easily miss the Jews' Wailing Place, where from time immemorial the Jews have been accustomed to bewail the misfortunes of their race. It purports to be, and possibly is, a portion of the wall of Solomon's Temple, but more probably it is a section of wall of a later temple erected on the site or foundations of the old one. Be this as it may, Saint Jerome refers to the habit of the Jews of bribing the Roman soldiers so that they might, unhindered, weep over the ruins of their Holy City.

The wall, which is perhaps two hundred feet long by fifty in height, is composed of enormous blocks of limestone, and for centuries, to this day and hour, all day long, old men and women have knelt and prayed before this wall, rubbing it with their hands and kissing it with their lips, until several courses of

stone, between three and five feet above the ground, have become discolored and highly polished from this treatment. On Friday afternoons the place is thronged with Jews by the hundreds, coming and wailing and giving way to others. There are several formal rituals in use before this time-honored wall, — based, I am told, upon the Seventy-ninth Psalm, — which are chanted reciprocally by priest and people. The custom was suspended for years (and it might well be suspended again, on hygienic grounds) until, some time ago, Sir Moses Montefiore secured from the Sultan of Turkey, the then ruler of Palestine, permission for its resumption. It is an interesting, disgusting, and unforgettable sight, as are so many in this historic city, and Sir Moses did a great disservice to the world.

The tragic difficulties which arose between the Jews and the Arabs at the Wailing Wall, shortly after we left, may largely be laid at the door of the philosophic statesman, the late Earl Balfour. Oh! that noble statesmen

> . . . would not itch
> To interfere in matters which
> They do not understand.

During the war Earl Balfour, in a generous mood, gave Palestine to the Jews. *It was not his to give.* He may not have known that for every Jew in Palestine, most of whom wanted to get to New York, there were five Arabs who wanted to remain where they

were — where their ancestors had been for centuries. The situation was difficult and gradually became dangerous. An Arab boy defiled the Wailing Wall: he was attacked, resisted, and a Jewish boy was killed. In vain did the English plead for a quiet funeral, early in the morning, before a crowd had assembled. No: the funeral of a martyr was desired by the Jews, who finally had their way, with what result the world knows: a terrible riot, indeed a series of riots, many deaths, hundreds injured, much property destroyed, and another cause added to the long list of causes why Jews and Arabs cannot live in peace together. It is the fault of neither, but the fault of the religion of both. When one is taught from one's earliest infancy to despise a man because his creed differs from one's own, murderous clashes are inevitable, and unscrupulous politicians find it to their profit to fan the flames. Quoting Macaulay: "The experience of the ages proves that men will fight to the death and persecute without pity for a religion whose creed they do not understand and whose precepts they habitually disobey." And Matthew Arnold says, somewhere, that "religion is morality touched with emotion." This does not seem to me a very satisfying definition, and morals are entirely omitted in some religions and emotions kept at fever heat.

I earnestly hope that no attempt will be made to erect in Jerusalem a monument to the late Earl Bal-

four: if it is done, trouble, if not disaster, will certainly ensue.

The movement "Back to Jerusalem" (or Palestine) is, I should say, a foreordained failure. I had an interesting talk with a well-informed man born in Jerusalem and deeply interested in the welfare of the country. He told me that the money given by rich and well-meaning Jews in New York City, and elsewhere in America, was largely consumed in the salaries and expenses of officials, and he pointed out that no prominent, wealthy, or intelligent Jews considered for a moment leaving the country of their adoption, where every opportunity was theirs, for the sake of rebuilding Palestine; that for every hundred Jews who come, ninety leave, and leave at the earliest opportunity. The fertile land of Palestine is relatively small in area, while its mountain ranges are bleak, rocky, and inhospitable, affording pasture only for a few sheep and mountain goats. Nor is manufacturing possible in a country which has neither coal, iron, oil, wood, soil, nor even water. Education, which is supposed to solve so many problems, is of little use here, for there is nothing for the people to do when they are educated. What Jew is going to leave New York, where there are a hundred million of us to prey upon,[1] — and only a handful of Scotch to be guarded against, — for the sake of rebuilding a country in which the propo-

[1] See note at the end of this chapter, p. 205.

nents of the plan would not themselves think for a moment of settling?

The several Jews to whom I talked seemed only too anxious to get away from Palestine. One afternoon

*Asked in passable English whether I would not enter*

I was looking into the window of a small cigar shop, wondering if it would be possible to buy a good cigar therein. The proprietor, a young Jew, observing me, asked in passable English whether I would not enter

and buy something. "Yes," I said, "I should like to buy a good cigar." He recommended a cigar made in Holland, the price of which was three cents, but knowing from experience that a Dutch cigar is a byword and a reproach in the mouth of any man, I declined. Then he sought to sell me some cigarettes. "But I don't smoke cigarettes; I want a cigar, a good cigar." "Mister," said he, becoming very confidential, "would you buy a Corona cigar?" I said I thought I would if I could be assured that it was a genuine Corona. Would I buy a box of Coronas? Yes, under certain conditions I might buy a box. "I have an ambition to sell you a box of Corona cigars," he continued. "I have sold a single Corona, but a box, never." The discussion ended with the purchase of a box of Coronas, at a monarch's ransom, which the poor man ran out and bought at the near-by Allenby Hotel. Then the man — he was about thirty — told me how ardent was his wish to go to America: "I have such great ambition for New York, I work forever; soon I own a picture theatre; I am so full of ambitions. Here life is hopeless. I sell only in a week once a box of cigars, made in Holland — bad to smoke and no profit. I shall never forget this day's business. You must be very rich man to buy a box of Corona cigars; it never happened so before. Mister, I am ambitious to sell you a cigar case to remember you by."

To "the stone which the builders rejected" and which "is become the head of the corner," to the spot where Abraham found the ram caught in the thicket, to the tomb of Absalom, and many similar places, I turned a blind eye and a deaf ear. But in spite of my unbounded skepticism I felt for a moment something of a thrill upon entering the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. For how many centuries has the thought of this spot influenced the entire Western world! The effort to redeem the Holy Sepulchre from the Turks united nations which had little else in common: my knowledge of the Crusades was vague enough, but . . . Here our excellent guide began his discourse.

"As you see, this is a very large church, or rather group of churches, belonging to Catholics, Protestants, Copts, Greeks, and Armenians; it covers the site of the Crucifixion and the Place of Burial. The churches here have been built and destroyed and rebuilt and renovated from time immemorial, and chapels added to commemorate various incidents which took place immediately before and after the death of the Saviour. Much that you will see and hear is of necessity legendary."

Here is the "Stone of Unction" on which the body of Jesus is said to have been laid for anointing when taken down from the cross; this stone is not the traditional one, but was placed in its present position in 1808. One could be pardoned for looking at it

without emotion. The traditional place of the Crucifixion is covered by a chapel some twenty steps above the level of the church floor. It is a small affair, greatly overdecorated in mosaics and precious stones and plentifully behung with lamps which are always burning. At one end is a large altar before which is a marble slab with a hole in it, in which our Saviour's cross was set, while two similar holes are said to be the sockets in which the crosses of the thieves were placed. I was sorry, very, to have been shown all this: it was so vulgar, so artificial and unconvincing, so entirely different from what one expected to see; but there was more of the same sort to come — much more.

A few yards off in the floor is a brass slide; this may be pushed back and there is revealed a portion of rock with a hole in it, perhaps ten inches deep: this is shown as the rock which was rent at the time of the Crucifixion, which was accompanied by an earthquake which rent the veil of the Temple from the top to the bottom. Mercifully we were not shown the "veil."

Said I to my guide, "Frankly, I am not pleased with all this; let us now go to the Sepulchre itself, and then seek the light and air," for the place was stuffy with the smell of unclean priests and the burning lamps and incense. The whole edifice in which we were seemed very highly departmentalized; constructed on different levels in varying styles of archi-

tecture, and used by different sects which hate each other with the accumulated hatred of centuries: hatred which only religion can engender.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a hexagonal building, not larger than twenty by thirty feet, built of marble; it is lit by a great many hanging lamps, the flames of which are never extinguished. The stone which was rolled away from the mouth of the Sepulchre by the angel is shown, somewhere; I forget where, but it is not in the little chapel, to which admittance is had by a low door, which contains the Tomb itself. This is a tiny chamber six feet square, lit and in some sense heated by the forty-three hanging lamps. This, the quintessential tomb, if I may use the expression, is jealously guarded by the Roman Church, and Mass is said daily.

Chapels abound, Copt, Catholic, and Greek, and woe betide the unfortunate priest who dares set foot in a chapel of a rival: it is a sad commentary that to keep the priests from fighting a policeman is always on duty. One item, shown gratis only on Wednesday in Holy Week and at other times upon the payment of a fee, is the Column of the Flagellation, the column to which Christ was bound to be scourged by the Roman soldiers. Normally, this column is covered with a brass housing in which is a hole through which one can push a kind of stick and thus, by proxy as it were, touch the column; at the same time an electric light is switched on. By kissing the end of

the stick which has touched the column one is supposed to have had one's money's worth.

At this point I insisted on light and air, and at once; there was more to be seen, much more, but I had seen enough, and of the Holy Sepulchre more than enough. In the interest of hygiene, decency, and true religion, it would be well if it were possible to close the entire "fabrick" — as Dr. Johnson would call it — and keep it closed. As long as it is open to the public, fools, like myself, will visit it.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." Only the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane carry a measure of conviction with them. Chapels and altars and tombs can be made by men like me, but only God can grow such trees, immemorially old, as the olive trees in the traditional "Garden," and the view from the Mount of Olives is superb.

The "little town of Bethlehem" lies five miles only from Jerusalem, and the journey would be a pleasant one were it not spoiled by too many traditional sights, such as the Tomb of Rachel, which has, however, been an object of veneration by the Jew for three thousand years. Like Jerusalem, it is a town of immemorial age, and has been subjected to many vicissitudes: a hamlet a thousand years before Christ, it has been destroyed and rebuilt time and again. The church which covers the traditional

birthplace of Jesus is one of the oldest in the world. Assuming, and it is a reasonable assumption, that Jesus was born in a stable and lay in a manger, what may have happened is this. His parents, who were humble people, coming in the course of their travels to Bethlehem, went to an "inn" and could get no accommodation. What an inn was in a little town like Bethlehem two thousand years ago may be imagined. It may have consisted of one or two chambers only, in which there was no room for them. The country all round about is very hilly: the ground floor on one side of a building would be the second floor of another side. The "stable" was, in all likelihood, the ground floor or basement of the inn, in which travelers could house their donkeys and camels; the accommodation was little worse than that afforded above, and the manger may well have been a shelf or ledge of rock.

In any event, in Bethlehem, and probably on this site, the Emperor Constantine erected a church about the year 330, a part of which may still be standing, largely concealed by the walls of three convents: Roman, Orthodox, and Armenian. The church has been restored time and again, the last change in it, and a beneficial one, having been made only a few years ago. The Chapel or Grotto of the Nativity lies twenty feet below the floor of the choir of the church and is reached by two flights of steep, slippery stone steps. It is now a vault some ten by thirty

feet, constructed of Italian marble and mosaic in awful taste and hideously overdecorated with ornaments of gold set with what may be precious stones. Along one side is an altar, and under it set in the floor a silver star, around which is an inscription, HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST. Certainty in matters of this kind is of the utmost importance. The chamber is lit with a number of silver lamps in which a flame is always burning, and it is the duty of the various sects who watch the shrine — and each other — to keep their own especial lamps lighted. Here is, of course, the Altar of the Magi — in a word, "all things were fulfilled." I greatly wish I could have believed that I saw the actual tomb of Saint Jerome, or that the chapel was the place where he for so many years labored upon the compilation and translation of the Vulgate from out of its original languages into Latin, a task for which his learning made him especially fitted. He seems to have been a most interesting, if quarrelsome, character.

It is a poor little town, is Bethlehem: from its stony and far from level fields round about it must be difficult to secure a crop of anything; of manufactures there is little or nothing. Trashy gewgaws made of mother-of-pearl, ornaments made of olive wood, — which is now getting scarce because so many trees were burned in the late war, — the sale of beads and trinkets, afford such commerce as there is. The people of Palestine suffered greatly during the war.

They had everything to lose and nothing to gain by fighting. General Allenby was just another conqueror, and a very fortunate one. His career was not distinguished until he was sent to Palestine, and he would never have been lucky enough to reach his objective had it not been for that enigmatic hero who called himself Lawrence, but whose name is probably Scott. England alone could produce such a man. His exploits are recounted in *Revolt in the Desert*. For a time he acted alone; then he had the complete backing of the War Office. By promises he must have known he could not make good he obtained the good will of the Arab chiefs, whose tongues he spoke and whose costumes and customs he adopted.

Did a sheik want to be King of Jerusalem, or of this town or that? Certainly: why not? They became his followers: for him they were prepared to lay down their lives, and especially the lives of their followers. Lawrence made it possible for Allenby to reach Jerusalem, which he took without firing a shot. The war came to an end; Allenby became Field Marshal. England could not or would not — at any rate, did not — make Lawrence's promises good, and the man who actually delivered Jerusalem became, under an assumed name, a private in Britain's flying forces in India. Some day his life will be written, and we shall know certainly much more than we now do of this amazing character.

I had an opportunity of talking to Field Marshal

Allenby about my friend the camel: he said that he had, as I remember, twenty thousand of them in Palestine, and he spoke deprecatingly of their sense. He said that a camel would make its objections to being overloaded perfectly understood, and yet nestle down on a lot of steam pipes so hot that when it attempted to rise it was discovered that one end of it was roasted, while the other was eating, with evident relish, from a pile of excelsior.

I felt really sorry for a poor old man who followed me about the streets of Bethlehem for several hours, seeking to inveigle me into what he said was his "factory." He asked me if I were not an American, and I admitted I was; whereupon he remarked, "Mr. Fairbank, the President of America, he my best friend; he always visit me when he come here, always to buy many things. He my best friend I have; when I go America I go see him." I suppose that during some visit that our former Vice President may have made he was seduced into buying a bit of carved mother-of-pearl, and I doubt not that he threw it away long before he got home.

In such traveling as we have been engaged in guides are necessary, but they are sometimes awful. We had one, one day, when we were sight-seeing with a party which included a group of Germans; the guide spoke his piece in English, and then attempted to translate what he had said into German. It

must have been vile, for an old German was finally galvanized into screaming, "Spoke English! Spoke English! It is less vorse!" In other words, he preferred to hear my language butchered rather than his own.

To return to Jerusalem. There was, seemingly, no end to the wonders which would be shown for money. But our legs were tired, and our credulity had been subjected to outrageous strains.

No! I had no wish to see the stone where "the Virgin, she sit, when she milk the little Lord Jesus" — a boulder on which one might discern a few spots made whitish by drops from the Virgin's breast. I had seen enough, and more than enough.

"The proper time to come to Palestine is the spring."

"I can well believe it."

"The wild flowers then are lovely."

"No doubt; so are the tame flowers at Hampton Court."

But before we get to London there is Syracuse, and Taormina, and Naples, and much more. Above all, there is ROME.

NOTE. — This essay started something when it was first published in the pages of the *Atlantic*. The pro-Zionists wrote me that I knew nothing of the subject — which is true. The anti-Zionists told me I was a very wise man — which is not true. The paragraph

on the Jews in New York gave amusement to some and offended others. Those who got mad did so, seemingly, in the middle of the sentence. I have not as yet heard from any offended Scotchmen: it takes time for a joke to sink in. I had, when I wrote, the old adage in mind, "A Jew can get no foothold in Aberdeen." I am sorry to have to explain this.

I have been attacked in press and pulpit — if the Jews use pulpits — for holding opinions on subjects of which I know nothing, and one man, a lawyer, looking for trouble, returned to me one of my books saying that he would not keep a book of mine in his house. I gave the book to a public library which was glad to get it and asked for more. I was reminded of a silly librarian who wrote me several years ago that she was reading one of my books "with great pleasure" until she came to a place where I said something in disparagement of that "great and good man, Woodrow Wilson," when she threw the book upon the floor. I could not forbear telling her that if she threw upon the floor all the books in the library which contained sentiments of which she disapproved, there might soon be more books upon the floor than upon the shelves. One lady, a Christian, who preferred, she said, to remain anonymous, wrote that she liked her Jewish friends better than her Christian friends.

I shall not bother at this late date to enlarge on my opinion of the Jew. It is no secret: I have just as

high a regard for a fine Jew as I have for a fine Christian. If I have any feeling against the Jew it is one of resentment that he is smarter than I am. Personally, I am quite indifferent as to the success or failure of the "Back to Palestine" movement, but if I were a rich Jew and wanted to do something for my race in Jerusalem I should seriously consider opening a number of public baths where an unlimited supply of hot water might be had, where instructions might be given in the use of soap, scissors, and razors. (2 Kings V. 13.) We think of Jerusalem as flowing with milk and honey, whereas the fact is nothing flows there — not even water.

## VIII

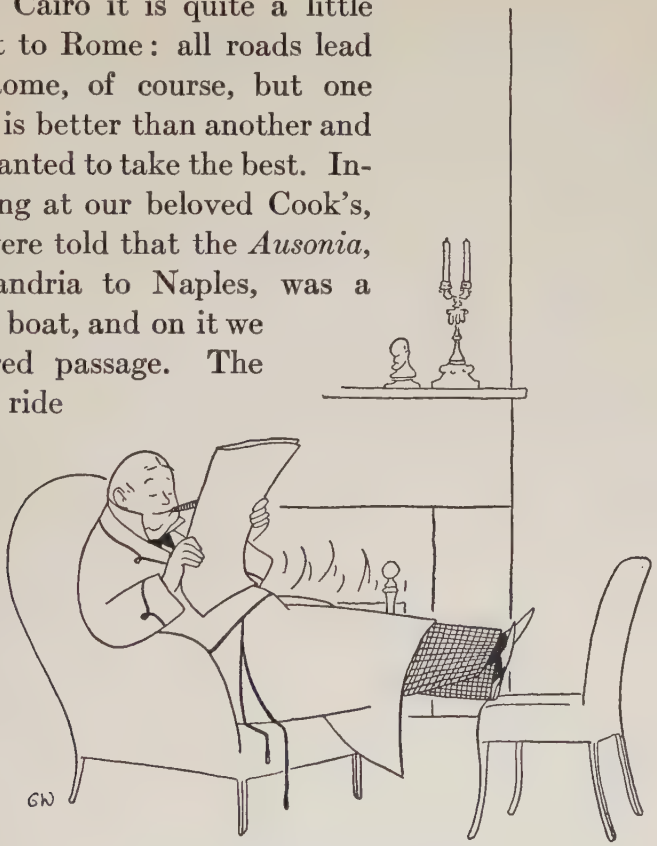
### IN ROME

Rome was, no doubt, the pleasantest large city in Europe in which the reluctant tourist could spend the badly behaved winter of 1929. It adds greatly to one's pleasure in travel to pick up a Paris *Herald* and read that London is covered with a blanket of fog; that the sun has not been seen for a fortnight; that every "tap" in the provinces has frozen solid and that discomfort reigns throughout the British Isles; that Paris, Berlin, and Vienna are buried in snow, and that passengers are being dug out of the Orient Express twenty-four hours overdue, cold, hungry, dirty, and in bad tempers — this, I say, makes pleasant reading as one sits in front of a blazing wood fire in the Hotel Excelsior. It suggests the wisdom one has shown in taking the weather into partnership. As a rule I do not much concern myself about the weather: I take it as it comes.

> When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
> Then rain 's my choice,

or words to this effect, says James Whitcomb Riley; but there are many places in Europe which are not

fixed up for cold weather, and when cold weather comes one can be very uncomfortable. But if one is in Cairo it is quite a little jaunt to Rome: all roads lead to Rome, of course, but one road is better than another and we wanted to take the best. Inquiring at our beloved Cook's, we were told that the *Ausonia*, Alexandria to Naples, was a good boat, and on it we secured passage. The train ride




*This makes pleasant reading*

from Cairo is nothing, but as though to leave a bad taste in one's mouth as one leaves Egypt every possible discomfort and vexation are heaped upon the escaping tourist. There is no inherent reason why

Egypt should be so very expensive, but it always has been, is, and I fancy will ever be. One's money simply fades away; tips consume it largely: one rings for a porter to carry one's luggage to one's taxi, but before it is reached a dozen porters have been employed. By the time one enters one's train all one's small change has evaporated, and if one wishes to insult a dragoman in Egypt the quickest way is to offer him a weighty piece of Palestine silver: he shrinks from it as he would from an adder. So it was that with pockets emptied and temper frayed, with a retinue of porters, we were herded into a great railway shed in Alexandria, a city of great name and small interest. The noise and confusion were bewildering: civil war had seemingly just been declared, every man's hand was lifted against every other man's, and everyone was screaming directions to which no one paid the least attention. But peace, quiet, and luxury were near at hand: the *Ausonia* was not far off. But Egypt was to take one final crack at us.

"What 's the matter now? What 's the delay?" I inquired.

*Health inspection!* At a charge of ten shillings each, a group of unwashed Africans were to "inspect" a group of Europeans and Americans on their way *out* of a filthy country *into* a clean one. It was the height of the ridiculous: but in order that we might feel that we had received our money's worth we were

invited to write the brief and simple annals of our lives on cards which were provided for that purpose. My arms and hands were full of parcels and I felt disinclined to write. "I have no pencil," I said, and waited for something to happen: it did, but it happened loudly and in Arabic. Many people talked, violently; meantime I waited patiently until someone told me to "pass on": the health inspection was completed.

I have crossed the Atlantic in all the crack boats, but I have never been on a steamer that in any single detail approached the *Ausonia*. She is simply superb: she is, perhaps, a trifle too luxurious and overdecorated, but the decorations are in exquisite taste, as far superior to those of the *Ile de France*, say, as the "Mona Lisa" is better than a lithograph of a girl smoking a "Lucky" on a fence. (I think, by the way, that the four plaster gilt statues, representing the rivers of France, in the lounge of the *Ile* are the most terrible specimens of art I have ever seen outside the lounge of the Moulin Rouge.)

The trip on the *Ausonia* was delightful: the weather was perfect; there were stops of a few hours here and there; almost before we knew it we were in Naples, a place for which I have no love. I have never been there at the right season.

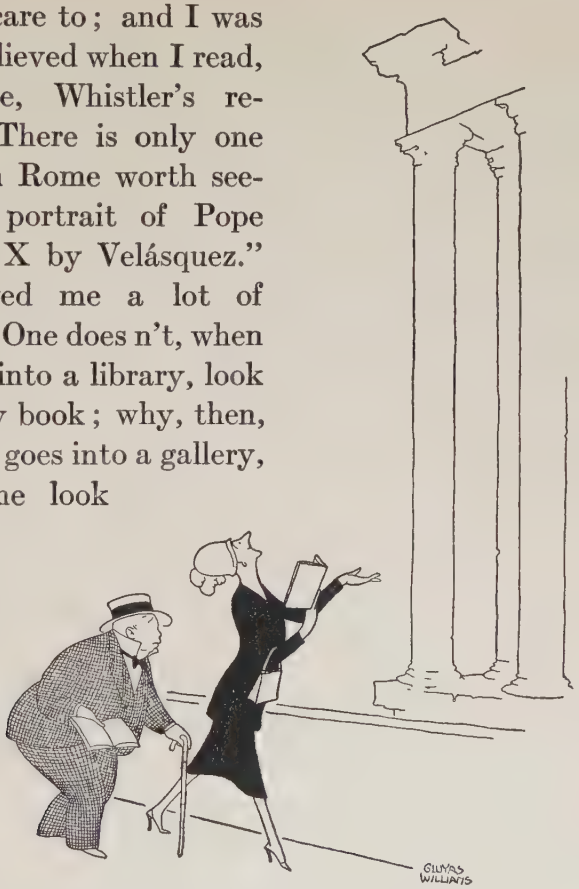
Since I was last in Southern Italy a new railway has been built as straight as an arrow from Naples to Rome. As the *Ausonia*, the railway, the stations,

the trains, have all been approved by Mussolini, nothing more need be said. Have you seen the smallest book in the world? It is an Italian *Who's Who.* It contains but one word — "Mussolini."

There are a great many hotels in Rome, and one's choice is important. My preference would, undoubtedly, be for the Russie in the spring, when Rome is at its best. But the Russie was not built for a hotel. It is an old palace on the Piazza del Popolo, built in the shape of an enormous letter *E*, with its long side to the street: extensive additions have been made, but being old it is not well heated, and in winter "central heating" is all-important. Moreover, the great charm of the Russie is its garden, which climbs terrace by terrace up a hill until at the top one is on the Pincia; but in midwinter no garden offers the delight of a blazing log fire — and, that we might be thoroughly comfortable, we chose the Excelsior — and made no mistake.

My object in travel is to see as little as I can but to read as much as I can: reading has long been the great pleasure of my life. "Books are the greatest and most satisfactory of recreations," says Earl Grey of Fallodon, and he goes on to explain: "I mean the use of books for pleasure. Without books, without having acquired the power of reading for pleasure, none of us can be independent." I quite agree. Time was when I saw as many churches as I could see in a day: there are about three hundred of them

in Rome, and they take a lot of seeing. Now I limit myself to one every day, and in a month can see all I care to; and I was greatly relieved when I read, somewhere, Whistler's remark: "There is only one picture in Rome worth seeing, the portrait of Pope Innocent X by Velásquez." This saved me a lot of trouble. One does n't, when one goes into a library, look into every book; why, then, when one goes into a gallery, should one look at every




*New things, however old they may be, fatigue me*

picture? Let us take them on faith; much should be taken on faith when one travels — especially in Rome. I am not a willing tourist: new things, how-

ever old they may be, fatigue me: so with a fixed determination to see very little and be very comfortable, we settled down in the Excelsior.

I am a perverse person; or is it natural for one in winter to read of the joys of spring? to read *The Marble Faun* (which over there is called *The Transformation*) in the comfort of one's library at home, and in Rome, as everywhere, to delight in Trollope? There are several good lending libraries in Rome well stocked with the fine old novels of the sixties, and in these libraries I made myself at home.

It is just thirty years ago that I paid my first visit to this Eternal City, and many are the changes that have taken place in that time: one thing, however, remains unchanged, my friendship with Signor Fiorentini, by birth a Florentine. Fiorentini and I have kept up so cordial a relationship over these many years that I sometimes wonder whether it is Rome or Fiorentini that draws me to Italy. When I first met Fiorentini he was a bachelor and it was easy for him to act as my cicerone, but a quarter century brings many changes and Fiorentini is now not only the head of a family but the head of an important business as well. It has been his habit always to meet me at the station on my arrival and, subsequently, to direct my every move, but this time I had not apprised him of my arrival until, just as I was leaving Naples, I sent him a wire and told him that I was leaving on such and such a train and that

I hoped to see him at the Excelsior in the evening: I nevertheless rather expected him to meet me at the station and was somewhat disappointed when he did not. What happened was this. A few miles out of Rome our train met with a small mishap which delayed us forty minutes. My friend, going to the station to meet me, learned of the accident and, not knowing how great might be the delay, motored out to the scene thereof, only to learn that our train had by that time arrived in Rome. I had scarcely finished with the preliminaries incident to signing the register when I felt a hand on my shoulder and a familiar voice said: "I am sorry to have missed you at the station. Learning that an accident had happened, and not being able to discover how serious it was, I secured a big car and went to your rescue. Welcome once again to Rome! Now you shall go to your room, and this evening I will call and we will resume where we left off: is it four years ago?"

What shall one say of Rome, of its grandeur, of its antiquity, of its modernness, that has not already been said? It is the most wonderful city in the world, but who, at this late date, wants to read of anyone's reflection on the Forum, or the Colosseum? Many years ago a certain Mr. Cross published a life of his wife, a lady known to the world as George Eliot. Everyone seized upon the book to discover, if one could, just how and why a presumably virtuous, and certainly intellectual, young woman had settled her-

self as the life companion of a well-known literary man — a man who already had a wife and children — and immediately upon his death, inconsolable as she was thought to be, had married the commonplace man who subsequently wrote her life. The world wanted to know much about the lady (and still does): for there is a well-founded rumor that her first "affair" was not with G. H. Lewes as has been supposed. It was told instead the lady's opinion of the Venus de Melos. It would much have preferred the Venus's opinion of the lady. And so this essay will concern itself very little about Rome. It has a fine climate, and it is a fine city in which to walk, to ramble by the hour. Walking at home fatigues me: our cities are so ugly and dirty and uninteresting, particularly my natal city, Philadelphia. Fifth Avenue is superb, of course, but even these great thoroughfares make no suggestions to the "inward eye" as do the streets of London, Paris, and Rome. In Rome I can start out in the morning and keep going steadily until hunger suggests that it is time to seek a restaurant; and then what a choice is open to one. My favorite place for luncheon is in the Castello dei Cesari: the food is delicious, the wines excellent, and the view — the distant view, that is — entrancing. Rome on its seven hills is spread out before one, unfolding or suggesting its history in buildings which for centuries have been the admiration of the world. And what a history! As all roads

lead to Rome, so do we all draw upon her inexhaustible "grandeur." I fully understand the *nil admirari* of the Roman. I tell Fiorentini of the size and height of our skyscrapers: he listens attentively, but is not greatly impressed; he thinks of the Colosseum which we have just visited, and of Hadrian's Villa to which we are motoring to-morrow. Yet with this overpowering background of civilization, one does not speak of the "arrogance" of the Italian: that word is preëmpted by the German, with whom, I regret to say, we Americans have more in common than we have with the English.

I do not love the churches of Rome: Romanesque architecture does not much appeal to me; I prefer the Gothic. St. Peter's stuns one by its size: St. John's Lateran is historic and austere: St. Paul's is a magnificent ballroom, very little used. Santa Maria Maggiore, the largest of the eighty churches in Rome, dedicated to the Virgin, is imposing, but leaves me cold. Only the Gesu, — the Church of the Jesuits, — the most gorgeous church in Rome, overpowers me by its magnificence. But I prefer the streets, the open spaces. I love the Spanish Steps — as who that visits Rome does not? with its humble *casa* in which Keats died, now a museum in his honor and in Shelley's. And above all I love the Protestant Cemetery, frequently and improperly called the "English Cemetery." Well might Shelley write, "It makes one in love with death to think that one should

be buried in so sweet a place." I never go to Rome for however short a time without spending an hour in this God's acre, and I could make my way, I think, in the dark to the stone on which is cut the most melancholy and most untrue inscription in all lapidary work: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." Not so, but rather: "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death."

The great Roman problem is Mussolini: so far he is the savior of Italy: a Dictator is no new thing in Rome: may he continue to keep his head.

Observant tourists will remember that it is the habit of Italians — and I am told that it is an age-old habit — to congregate in little groups in the streets and talk ceaselessly, and as the sidewalks of many of the streets are very narrow, walking is frequently difficult. Mussolini has taken the matter in hand and decreed that the sidewalks of the principal streets shall be "one way," and policemen seeing anyone walking against the traffic have been instructed promptly to correct the situation. We did not know of this ruling, and on our first day in Rome we found ourselves being constantly addressed by officers, as we supposed, and as our Italian was rusty (euphuistic for nonexistent) we did not understand what was said to us and kept loitering on, looking into the shop windows — being constantly corrected. Finally my wife said: "If I am addressed by another officer I shall box his ears; you mark my words." Where-

upon I observed, quietly: "I mark 'em, ma'am, but I would not advise that course. You will get yourself into trouble. Mussolini would probably regard such a box as I take as a matter of course as an outrage upon one of his noble Fascisti and order you shot at dawn upon the Castle St. Angelo, while I

*"If I am addressed by another officer I shall box his ears"*

might, perhaps, be given a chance to leap, à la Tosca, into the Tiber." Finally, just as my wife was about to carry out her threat, a gentleman, seeing our difficulty, came up and in excellent English explained the situation to us. The rule, I am told, occasions no great difficulty in the winter, but in the summer, when pedestrians always have walked on the shady side of the street, they greatly dislike being shoved into the sun. One sees Mussolini's portrait in every window,

and thereunder a quotation from Dante. I must ask my friend Fiorentini what it means.

One day we went with Fiorentini to drink tea somewhere, and I found myself next to a young woman who spoke broad Scotch. "You 're a little Scotch lassie, I perceive," said I, jauntily, as is my habit. "May I ask your name?" "Italia Anita Garibaldi," she replied — jestingly, as I thought. So I, also in jest, remarked that a statue or a street or a square had been named after her in every city in Italy. "No, not after me — after my grandfather: I am Italian: I learned my English in Scotland. My father is a son of the great Garibaldi. Would you care to meet my father? He is an old man, but very handsome; he will be very glad to meet you." I govern my life by few rules, but one is to keep out of the way of celebrities. "Form in line on the right," I was once told in Washington, "to shake hands with the Secretary of State." I did a right-about-face to the left. Shake hands with Mr. Bryan, indeed! I 'd see myself —— first — and I went the whole length of that expression. But to be presented to a great man by a charming little Italian girl who spoke English with a broad Scotch accent was another matter; and that is how I came to meet General Garibaldi, the most distinguished and picturesque man I ever looked upon, a man of eighty: the son of the great Garibaldi, the savior of his country — the man who, according to Trevelyan,

was to Italy what Washington and Lincoln combined were to the United States, who, when his life's work was accomplished and Italy freed from the domination of the Pope (who together with Austria and France and Spain had for so many centuries kept her in subjection), declined a title, a palace, and a pension and with a few hundred lira and a bag of seed-corn retired to his farm on the island of Caprera, where twenty-odd years later he died and was buried. Such, alas! is not the habit of saviors and would-be saviors of their countries.

General Garibaldi, when I was presented to him, looked not unlike the Moses of Michael Angelo which one sees in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli. He was positively majestic, and his red silk shirt, faded to an old rose, set off to advantage his white hair and beard. Witty, and wise, and kindly, with a voice like an organ, he spoke English faultlessly, and when I complimented him upon it, said, "Why should I not? I was educated in Oxford." He referred to Mussolini as a man who might, "if he keeps his head and they don't murder him," rank with Mazzini and with his father. I reminded him that Tom Hood had said that the ideal form of government was an angel from Heaven and a despotism, with which sentiment he entirely agreed.

While in reminiscent mood, let me recount the details of the arrival in Rome of the famous bookseller, Dr. Rosenbach, one spring morning several

years ago when we were spending a few weeks at the Russie. One day I received a telegram from my friend, who was in London, which read: "Shall spend Easter with you; reserve room and bath; arrive Tuesday." "Here is a pretty work to be done," I murmured to myself, as I went towards the office of the hotel, with the telegram in my hand: "Rosy thinks because he can afford to buy all the books in London he can buy bathrooms in Rome over Easter: I should be just as successful in an attempt to negotiate for a private audience with His Holiness on Good Friday." Simply and sweetly, however, I told the manager of the Russie my story: how Dr. Rosenbach was the greatest bookman that had ever lived in the world; how unusual it was for so great a man to come to Rome, especially at Easter. I spoke rapidly and ceaselessly, after the Roman fashion, but I felt I was making little impression. At last I paused, and the *hôtelier* began: "Because you have been our guest here for some weeks, I shall do what I can for your friend; otherwise there is nothing to be done. I suggest that he comes not. If he comes, something will be done: I know not what. A room with a bath, certainly not; a bed in a bathroom, perhaps: who shall say? Already twenty people to-day have I turned away; we have nothing. Rome at Easter is always many people; this year is better than ever. Tell your friend he does not come." Whereupon I thanked the manager, and telegraphed

Rosy, "Rome will welcome you with open arms," murmuring to myself the while: "How shall I break the news to him on his arrival? Perhaps I may be run over in the streets before he gets here: let us hope so." Nevertheless I went to every hotel in Rome to secure accommodation, but with the same result. There was nothing to be done but await Rosy's arrival and hope for the best. When the Tuesday came I presented myself at the office of the hotel and inquired whether the Paris Express might be expected to be on time. "The train will be on time to the minute," I was told. I went to the station in a skeptical frame of mind, for I have spent much time waiting for Pennsylvania Railway trains in Philadelphia. Time was when the best you hoped of an Italian railway train was that it would get in sometime during the day you expected it, but Mussolini has changed all that. "Every train on the minute" is his motto, and when trains are late heads fall — and are not replaced. So I sat on a bench in the square opposite the station until within five minutes of the time the train was due, and then, walking to the station, met Rosy coming through the barrier. Greetings exchanged, he asked if I had had any trouble securing accommodation. "Not a bit," I replied. Why should Rosy not enjoy his first ride through the glorious old city on that lovely spring morning? He did: and when he was told at the hotel that there was not a room with a bath to be

had in Rome over Easter for love or money, he took it like a lamb and contented himself with a very small bedroom, scantily furnished, but for which I knew he would pay handsomely. Saying nothing, he closed the door and looked about for a bell cord, which he pulled violently. Instantly a man answered the call.

"Have you charge of the bathroom on this floor?" he inquired.

"*Si, Signor.*"

"Where is it? Show it to me."

The bathroom was shown; whereupon Rosy, taking a roll of notes as of wall paper from his pocket, peeled off a number and gave them to the servant. "I want that door kept locked every morning until I have had my bath. You understand?"

"*Si, Signor.*"

"If you make no mistake you shall have more of these."

"*Si, Signor,*" with a low bow.

Rosy had his room and bath, and his stay in Rome was very comfortable: Rosy knows many things besides books.

The sights — that is to say, the famous vistas — of London are quite accidental; in Paris they are carefully planned; in Rome, God, the gods, and men worked together to achieve results in which nature, history, and architecture are so amazingly inter-

mingled that it is difficult to say where one ends and the other begins. There are two notably fine views to be had: one from the Janiculum, best approached by the Porta San Pancrazio, my favorite *porta* in Rome because it reminds me of St. Pancras, the gentleman after whom the railway station is named in London, and the other from the Pincia, which, unless the weather is very inclement, is always thronged, especially at the hour when the sun slowly sinks behind the distant Monte Mario. What American, at home, ever goes anywhere to see the sunset? The European has the leisure to live; therein he is wiser than we.

### AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER

Scene: A side street covered with several inches of snow and slush. A man, the writer, looking into the window of a small shop at some worthless trash, having nothing better to do. The door of the shop opens, in, and a young woman with a large mouth full of brass-bound teeth exclaims: —

"Come in, Mister, and look around: it won't cost you nothing, and it is n't any colder in here than it is in the street; that is, it is n't much colder."

"Where on earth did you learn your English? I venture to say you did n't learn it in Rome."

"That I did n't. I got my English where Al Smith got his — on the sidewalks of little old New York. I was born and raised there."

"What in heaven's name are you doing in Rome, in a shop like this?"

"Well may you ask. You see, it 's like this. I got a voice. Used to sing in the 'Follies.' They liked me because I could sing like a house afire. Perfect pitch and no fatigue. Raise the dead; you know. Well, I got it into my head that I wanted to sing in grand opera. Saved up my money and come over to Milan to study. No good — not with my face and figure; and in Italy every other girl can sing; and here I am, landed, — what you may say, stranded, — and can't get back."

"Have n't you a passport?"

"Oh, yes, I got a passport all right; what I want is a ticket. If ever I get back to the bright lights of Broadway, you can have Italy. I 'm damn near froze: the only heat in this house is left over from last summer. Stone floors throughout, no fire escapes. No danger from fire, not a bit."

"You have my sympathy."

"Keep your sympathy and buy me a ticket; that 's all I want — just one little ticket for little old New York. Jesus! I sometimes think I 'll go crazy here. These people have no imagination."

"Live in the past, I suppose."

"Live in the past! They don't live at all, just merely exist. It 's cold, ain't it? My feet 's just fairly froze on these stone floors."

"How would you like a cup of *caffè espresso* with a dash of brandy in it?"

"Say, I 'd like it, but I can't get away till eight o'clock. You could n't stop around about eight o'clock, I suppose?"

"No, I 'm afraid I could n't."

"You 're going to buy something, ain't you?"

"I don't know: what do you want me to buy?"

"We got nothin' but trash. You 're married, ain't you? Got children? What do you say to one of these dolls? I dressed 'em myself."

"The very thing! I 'll buy one for my daughter" (who graduated from Bryn Mawr College fifteen years ago and translates Goethe for amusement). "How much did you say it was?"

"Forty lire."

"The last time I asked you, you said thirty, did n't you?"

"Yes, but I put in the price of a cup of coffee. You offered to buy me a cup of coffee."

"That 's right" (handing her a fifty-lira note). "Keep the change. I hope you get to New York."

"Say, your hope 's nothin' to mine. Thanks. Stop in again. I 'm pleased to have met you. And give my love to Broadway."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye; come again."

(Man goes out, musingly. I wonder if America is n't "God's country," after all?)

# IX

## IN STANDARDLAND

RUMMAGING in the drawer of a little-used desk some time ago, I came upon an old blank-book (not entirely blank), on the second page of which my eye fell upon this statement of my youthful ambitions, which I here give exactly as it was written

### WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN

When my ship comes in I intend to take a trip across the ocean with my wife and children. I am going first to England next to France and after that to Switzerland and Italy. After I have traveled through all these places I intend to go to Egypt and the Holy Land then I am going through India to China and Japan after that to California and all the other places of interest in the United States. When I arrive at home I intend to go into business I dont quite know what kind it will be but I think it will have something with printing or stationary. When I get an old man I intend to retire from business with a large fortune say 200,000 dollars.

EDDIE NEWTON.
*Oct* 7th 1878.

Composition no 2.

I have almost achieved the large fortune on which I intend to retire, and the observant reader — if any such there be — will see that after "going through

India to China and Japan" it was my purpose to visit California. I am not now as keen as I once was to see India and China and Japan, and with the exception of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and California, which I yearn to see, I am willing to forego "all the other places of interest in the United States." This is the typical attitude of a Philadelphian, but if I be a typical Philadelphian, "hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at me" — as the gentle Shakespeare has it.

"You can tell a Harvard man as far as you can see him."

"But you can't tell him much," adds a wag.

You can tell a Philadelphian by unmistakable marks which it pains me to enlarge upon. And lest it should be thought that I have met with some social misfortune, I hasten to say that my family — at least half of it — was distinguished in Philadelphia long before the Revolution, in which event the said family took no part, setting an example which was followed by many of the first families of the town. But this is a digression.

The charge which I bring, reluctantly, against the Philadelphian is this: A stranger entering our gates may bring birth, breeding, intelligence, charm, and money, and yet be permitted to die of sheer loneliness. How ironical that Philadelphia, of all places in the world, should be called the City of Brotherly Love! As one goes west in this great land

the unpleasant traits which characterize the Philadelphian disappear until, I am told, in California they are nonexistent. A friend who has made his home in San Francisco for many years wrote me some time ago: —

"In trying to analyze the courtesy, cheerfulness and expansiveness of these people I have come to think they derive their charm partly from the air they breathe, partly from the bigness of their surroundings, and partly from the indomitable spirit of their forbears, the Forty-Niners. California has brought into my life more enjoyment than I have known elsewhere. The cautious, calculating, hard-bitten materialism of the East simply does not exist here. The San Franciscan has a feeling of love and kindness, first to life, then to individuals, and then to the many forms of beauty that surround him. This, I think, explains his happiness."

And Alfred A. Knopf, the New York publisher, in a letter to the *Publishers' Weekly*, in a recent issue, speaking of San Francisco, says "it is the most civilized and attractive city in the whole United States. More beautifully situated than any city in the world, San Franciscans deserve to be favored by the gods, for they are people of rare charm who know how to appreciate good food, good music, good wine and surely good printing. Los Angeles sells more books to-day than San Francisco does, but it has almost twice San Francisco's population and a

public library that is one of the wonders of the world. But Los Angeles is growing fast: people there are concerned about when it will pass Philadelphia and even Chicago in population. They talk so much about business and factory locations, about oil and movies, that they simply have n't time yet to feel any great need for books. San Francisco, new though it is compared with the East, is older, wiser and more settled in its ways."

Sensing all this, I have heard California calling me for years — or is it that I hear the voice of my oldest friend, Willie Van Antwerp? What a career he has had! Through Annapolis to Wall Street, in which he became the chief engineer of the greatest power plant in the world — the New York Stock Exchange. A distinguished book-collector, an author (*The Stock Exchange from Within*), he now lives in San Francisco, and one of his friends, amazed to hear me refer to him as "Willie," the other day said to me, "If you know Van Antwerp you owe it to yourself to go to San Francisco; he will put in your hand the keys to the town." It was, indeed, my intention to go to the Pacific Coast this past winter, but when Cecil Harmsworth invited me to dine with him in the attic-room of the Johnson House in Gough Square, London — how could I refuse? It was a great party: in Johnsonian phrase, "it was a dinner to ask a man to"; and "Willie" has been kept waiting — and never knew his loss.

The fact is, for me to move east rather than west is to follow the line of least resistance. There is the pleasant excitement of going to the steamer, of hearing the loud whistle, of seeing a mob of unworthies sent ashore, of reading a sheaf of letters and telegrams, of dispatching a steward to the saloon with flowers, and of looking over a lot of parcels of sweet things which one is too wise to eat. How delightful it all is! When the joy of "sailing" leaves me, I shall be very old indeed.

"See America first," by all means, for if you don't see it first you may not see it at all — as in my case. It 's a great country and I 'm fortunate to be of it. It is certain that it is a country of magnificent distances, that its scenery is superb, and that certain streets in New York and Chicago are finer than anything in Europe. I remember when what is now Chicago was a smouldering ruin, after the fire of 1871, a disaster which, unluckily, Philadelphia has been spared — which accounts for much; and I do not doubt the engineering marvels of the Panama Canal. But as a people we Americans are not interesting: we are, in fact, deadly dull, especially we men, and we are constantly getting worse: it is to escape from this monotony of type that so many of us love to go "abroad."

We are a standardized people: it is at once the cause of our greatness and our misfortune. We eat the same food, see the same movies, — for except in

a few of our larger cities the theatre is nonexistent, — we wear the same clothes, read the same books, and, naturally, think the same thoughts — if thoughts they be. Can anything be more deadly than a "We 'll all read the same book this month" Club? — and these clubs abound. Why should I be deprived of the pleasure of making my own

*We are a standardized people*

choice? I do not always want to read what everyone is reading: many of the best sellers of fifty years ago I have never read, and never intend to: *Ben Hur* and *Alice in Wonderland*, for example. Moreover, I do not want everyone to read my favorite books, especially not my favorite essayists. I read for pleasure rather than for profit, and frequently find it pleasanter to loiter down the bypaths of literature, unencumbered, than to march along a crowded turnpike with a heavy knapsack of learning. No, I would not have a group of my best friends select my books for me.

That is our trouble: we are standardized to death. If thirty-six million men can be induced to wear hats of the same identical size and type — and with national advertising this can be brought about — each man will save thirty-six cents and each hatter will make thirty-six hundred thousand dollars, and we shall have the means which will enable us to buy thirty-six million radios, and as each radio will be heard by an average of six people, two hundred and sixteen million people can hear "Amos 'n' Andy" at the same time. What a joy! While "Amos 'n' Andy" are talking, telephone calls are practically suspended: everyone is "listening in": I have the word of a high official of the A. T. & T. Company for this. How 's that for standardization!

You go out to spend an evening with a friend: greetings are barely exchanged when someone pushes a lever and twiddles a dial and from a box or horn, or some concealed device, comes a vile noise out of which emerges a voice, which says: "This is Mr. Crawford speaking . . . Fleischmann's yeast will . . . yield dividends of six per cent . . . Colgate's soap is superior . . . sixty miles an hour . . . the General Electric refrigerator . . . will preserve the teeth . . ." And finally out of the din one hears music, as though in the next room, and you are listening to a concert. Or someone says, "Have you heard the new record of 'The Stars and Stripes Forever' just made by Stokowski and his Philadelphia Orchestra?"

and in a moment Sousa's magnificent march bursts upon your ear and you can hardly keep your seat. It is wonderful, very wonderful, but it destroys conversation, and good talk is — or, more strictly speaking, used to be — one of the joys of life. The interchange of ideas . . . but what if the other fellow has no ideas? One cannot very well keep on exchanging ideas with himself.

I can quite understand the desire of many Europeans to come to this country. To the war-worn and the impoverished, it is a land of peace and plenty, it is a land of glorious opportunity: it is not difficult here to make a living. But we have scriptural authority for the statement that man shall not live by bread alone: something else is required, something of the spirit, and in that we are lacking. It is only in America that work, which should be a means to an end, has been mistaken for the end itself. When our ancestors — those of us who have ancestors — came over here, they were, all of them, prepared to work hard and to pray. They worked with an axe in one hand and a gun in the other and a Bible in the other. We have no longer any need for a gun, except those of us who are concerned with the manufacture and distribution of bad liquor; we no longer have the confidence our ancestors had in what they called the Word of God; but we still retain the habit of work. I ask myself and you why it is that a man who has more money than he can wisely spend

continues to work as though — in the words of the old joke about the chorus girl — he does not know where his next limousine car is coming from. These men belong to the class which a few years ago we called "captains of industry." Actually, the corporals and the second lieutenants are just as good, and when the captains drop dead of heart disease, never having had any idea of what life was about, their places are immediately taken by younger men who do their jobs better.

Some years ago I was going from Jersey City to New York on a ferryboat (it was before the days of the tube), and my boat, the ferryboat, was almost run down by a fast and beautiful yacht which was making its way down the river to the sea. I knew the yacht, and it so happened that I had that day some business in the office of its owner. I knew, too, that in his absence business went on as usual, so I at once went into one of those magnificent offices in lower New York, and was somewhat surprised to see the owner of the yacht in his shirt sleeves, the sweat rolling down his face (it was a hot August day), working for dear life. "Hello," I said, "what the devil are you doing here?" Then I told him how his yacht had nearly done for my ferryboat, and remarked further, "I was perfectly certain, from the speed your boat was going and the fact that you pretty damn near smashed us, that you were at the wheel." "I ought to have been," my friend replied;

"I have a big party on board; but just as I was leaving some important matters came up and she had to sail without me."

"Why have you not your business better organized?" I said.

"I had it organized yesterday, but that's the trouble with business to-day — it won't stay organized."

I was a small stockholder in that man's company, and I told him I was glad to observe his industry, kidded him a little, and went on. A few years later that man dropped dead on the golf links — indigestion again. The stock of his company went off a few points on the sad news, rallied when his successor was appointed, a younger and a better man, and it has since doubled in value. If my friend could return from Elysian fields, he would be surprised and chagrined to learn that at his death no one missed him; not his wife: he was never home; not his children: they never saw him; not his business associates, who found him arrogant and overbearing.

One more story in the same key. I once called at the office of a big corporation to get some information about business conditions abroad. I talked with an assistant treasurer, who gave me just the information I wanted, and then as I was leaving he said, "I wish you would go into the President's office and say how-d'ye-do. He is very old and takes

offense easily. If he hears you have been here and not asked for him, he won't like it." So I went in, and met an old man well up in the eighties; I inquired about his health, which he said was not good. I asked him why he did not relax, put the burden on younger shoulders.

"Ah, if I could!" he replied. "But this business needs this guiding hand," holding out an almost palsied member. I shook it and wished him well.

"What did he say?" said the bright assistant treasurer when I got outside.

"He told me about the business needing his guiding hand." At which the younger man laughed and remarked: "If the old fool had any idea how little he knows about what is going on, he 'd die."

Can you not, in imagination, read the obituary which that assistant treasurer will prepare with glee and give to the papers when that doddering old idiot shall have passed away? — how wise he was in counsel, how farseeing, how alert and interested to the day of his death, how no detail was too small, no deal too great, to engage his attention, how he was the first at the office in the morning and the last to leave. Do you remember the story of Russell Sage — where is he now, I wonder? In the Elysian fields. Yes, but where are the Elysian fields? In fine, we work because we have never taught ourselves to play; it may be too late for the generation to which I belong to learn, but the younger generation will

probably have more leisure than has been our lot: may it learn to use it wisely.

I had reached this point in my story when my wife reminded me that I had an engagement to go to a musicale. Now a musicale does not necessarily mean, to me, the highest form of enjoyment, but it was also a birthday party, Helen's birthday, so I went, and was promptly rewarded. This is a world of rewards and punishments, and one's happiness consists in one's ability to gain the one and escape the other. As I entered, an Englishman with a fine voice, John Goss, was singing a song by Henry Purcell, "Composer in ordinary to His Majesty King Charles II," to words written almost three hundred years ago. I was so struck by the matching of the words to my mood that I asked the singer to give me a copy. And here it is: —

Why so serious, why so grave,
  Man of business, why so muddy?
Thyself from chance thou canst not save,
  With all thy care and study.
Look merrily then, look merrily then,
  And take thy repose,
For 't is no purpose to look forlorn,
Since the world was bad before thou wast born,
  And when it will mend who knows, who knows?

And more to the same effect. There is not enough music in this country. I don't mean "symphonies" or boys whistling off-key: whistling boys we shall

have with us always. I mean in our hearts. We go around looking sad, and we are sad, we who have more to be thankful for than any other nation. "Men of business, why so muddy?"

We do not breed well-rounded men. The one thing for which I admired Roosevelt was his many-sidedness: he was interested and interesting. Besides being a politician he was a reader and a writer, but he was very much more. He knew men and trees and birds and game, big and little. He was, I believe, no fisherman: a fisherman must be quiet; and I fancy he was no yachtsman: to stand at a wheel and occasionally give a tug at a rope was not sufficiently violent exercise for him. He preferred to tug at a man, especially at a man with "soft hands and a hard face." (Was he not our master phrase-maker?) He preached and lived the strenuous life, and the range of his interest was enormous.

Most of us are interested in just one thing — making a living: meantime we let life go by. If you ask the average American what his recreations are, he will tell you he has none. Sometime when you have a leisure moment, take up a copy of the English *Who's Who* and casually turn its pages, and you may come across some interesting references to the recreations of England's great men.

George Bernard Shaw says everything interests him except sport. I am altogether of his opinion.

John Buchan says fishing, deer stalking, mountain climbing, are his recreations, and I know that he writes his excellent mystery stories in bed: he told me so.

Augustine Birrell admits that his recreation is book-hunting. He could hardly have a better.

Thomas Brassey, who owned the yacht *Sunbeam*, in which he traveled 350,000 miles, was one hundred and one things besides a yachtsman.

Dr. Alphonsus Montague says he amuses himself by talking to intelligent dogs — that is to say, all dogs.

Sir Harry Johnston, who wrote *The Gay Dombeys* and died recently — his exploits fill half a page. He was an authority on economics and Africa, all parts of it, especially those most people have never even heard of, and his recreation was music, if you please, and novel writing.

Now, the sad fact is that we Americans, who have more money than is good for us, keep on working as we once were obliged to do, whereas the English, who are steeped in debt, keep on playing as they once were able to do when the world was at their feet. "It 's a mad world, my masters." If England could have some of our industry and we some of her repose! No working men and women ever had as much leisure as our own working classes to-day. I dislike to refer to my own experience as a boy, but to make my point I must do so. Before I was fifteen years of age I got

a job in a book store, a very respectable, indeed fashionable, store in Philadelphia: it was kept by a knot of wealthy Quakers, and my pay was three dollars a week. Think of working on a Saturday evening throughout the summer until seven o'clock! And not in a sweat-shop either, though we sweated. For several weeks before Christmas we were expected to work until ten in the evening; we received no extra compensation, but we got thirty-five cents supper money. To-day, all self-respecting shops close at five and do not open at all on Saturday during July and August, and the five-day week will soon be the rule rather than the exception: speed the day when it comes. Henry Ford, who has done more to "make the world safe for democracy" than all the politicians put together, — including the inventor of this silly phrase, — was not a philanthropist when he invented the five-day week, but a wise and farseeing business man.

It is always difficult to say just when a great revolution begins, but I believe that we are taking part in the greatest revolution in history: we know as yet nothing of what is happening in Russia or where that nation will get off. The English revolution began with the discovery of the use of steam, and if you would know what evils it brought with it, read Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton:* it is an excellent and little-read novel. Think of a woman, the wife of a Unitarian minister, in a novel published eighty years

ago, propounding economic theories for which Henry Ford is applauded to-day! Steam was England's contribution to the world; electricity is ours; the product of this great discovery is, or should be, leisure. And the great question of the day, in this country at least, is not religion or politics, or even prohibition, as some think, but how shall we use our leisure? What a blessing it is to live in a country and at a time when this is our most pressing question! It is not so in Europe: England is sustained at present by the glory of her past; Germany must put her mind on her knitting for a generation — for several generations: this is as it should be. France is rich, but must watch her step. Italy is the best-governed country in Europe, but may be paying too great a price for it. What shall we say of ourselves? Only that we should remember our debt is to the Continent — not to democracy.

What shall be said in favor of a form of government which requires a gang of corrupt unofficials to make it work? A man is nominated to office because an all-powerful machine thinks that he can be not only elected but controlled. If, in the event, he is controlled, all goes not well but well enough. If he cannot be controlled, everything stops until his term of office expires.

"When we ask ourselves what are the differences between the two parties, what are the questions they dispute so warmly, we find it difficult to answer.

We cannot discover any real question at issue between them. The questions that once divided them have been pretty much settled by the logic of events — yet the parties live on, divided by tradition, by difference upon matters of expediency and by personal rivalries for place and power. When a great political power has settled one issue, it does n't die but looks about for another, and between the settlement of the old issue and the discovery of a new one there is usually an interval during which party lines are vaguely drawn and you can hardly tell what principles are at stake." Is not this an admirable description of our situation at this moment? It was not, however, intended to be so: it is a historian's description of the Whig and Tory parties in the age of Queen Anne, just two hundred years ago — and we think we are improving on the work of our forefathers!

Our political machine is gaining in power, but is it not losing in the eyes of the world — in our own eyes? When the true history of the Harding Administration is written, we shall hang our heads in shame. Compare our present representatives in Washington, not indeed with the great founders of this nation, but with those of fifty or even thirty years ago: what a falling off is there! They are so feeble of intellect as to be beyond the reach of satire. To speak disrespectfully of a Senator is like speaking disrespectfully of the equator: you make a mighty effort, and

after it is all over, there the Senator — like the equator — remains for all to see.

Does anyone, not a politician, suppose that Democracy is the last word in government? Is there any greater folly than that of submitting a complicated question to a mob? The best that can be said of a democracy is that it is little worse than an aristocracy. England has ceased to be an aristocracy: the "governing class" is disappearing and, as with us, the common man is in the saddle: everywhere there is a leveling down rather than a leveling up. We made the original mistake of "manhood suffrage" at the outset: it was a great blunder: the vote should have been given only to the man, or woman, who had at least rudimentary intellectual qualifications and who had a financial "stake in the country." When I see a poor, miserable man or woman, ignorant to the point of imbecility, and think that every so often some problem is submitted to him, or her, the solution of which would tax the intellectual ability of Owen D. Young, I say to myself: "How can the world be made safe by this?" And England has become as bad — nay, worse than we. Each prime minister, Tory and Liberal alike, extended the franchise, ostensibly in the interest of better government, but actually to strengthen himself politically, until now every man, woman, and child has a vote. Is anyone bettered thereby? To ask the question is to answer it. What everyone has is not valued: for

this universal democratization, the world, and especially England, blames America. And the more difficult her problems become, the more she dislikes us. The wise conceal their feelings, but occasionally a politician like Churchill, or an author like Kipling, boils over. This is unfortunate for the English and for us, but it can't be helped. The fact is that the American is much more like the German than he is like the English, in spite of our common language and the joint inheritance of Shakespeare and Milton. Like the German, we think and work: I wish it were not so, but feeling as I do I am reluctant to waste much time at English-Speaking Union functions: they are full of sound and sympathy, signifying nothing. But I should concern myself with the problems of the individual rather than the nation: as a nation we are rich beyond the dreams of avarice, stupidly generous, and naïve as children.

In matters of art we are deficient. It would seem that an aristocracy is necessary to produce great art. To literature we have contributed one book, *Moby Dick* — which is indeed not one great book but two, as my friend Mr. Gleim has pointed out. In painting, sculpture, music, and the drama we have done nothing. To the Old World we leave the production of philosophers, which is all to the good, bearing in mind Lecky's remark that "the American inventor of the first anæsthetic has probably done more for the real happiness of mankind than all the

moral philosophers from Socrates to Mill." For the development of the mechanic arts the whole world is in our debt, and in architecture we are supreme. Our architecture is original and fits our needs: moreover, it is magnificent. In Paris, they are still copying Mansard, who died in 1666. In London they have destroyed their own characteristic Nash and copied New York, badly beyond belief. Their last big building, Grosvenor House, on a fine site, makes me shudder, it is so bad. We have the merit of being quick to learn and quick to discard. Fifth Avenue is superb, but the noise and confusion of the streets make life there almost unendurable. By no stretch of the imagination can New York be called an American city, filled as it is with people born in obscure and filthy corners of the world, people who cannot speak our language, who know nothing of our history and care nothing for our ideals. They are merely political cattle, bought by the highest bidder. Is it any wonder that the government of our cities is disgraceful? Heinrich Heine wrote a hundred years ago: "I have seen the greatest wonder which the world can show to the astonished spirit. I have seen it, and am still astonished, — forever will there remain fixed indelibly on my memory the stone forest of houses, amid which flows the rushing stream of faces of living men with all their varied passions, and all their terrible impulses of love, of hunger, and of hatred, — I mean London." What would he say of

New York or Chicago to-day? London is a great nest of villages cemented together by time. Compared to our metropolis, it is quiet and orderly — almost gentle; its people are the politest in the world, and we, I believe, are the rudest — not, I hope, in our hearts, but in our manners. Give a French taxi-driver a tip of four cents and his "*Merci, M'sieur*" is instantaneous; give a tuppenny fare in a London bus and the "Thank you" is automatic; the same when you buy a newspaper or a box of matches. Give a nigger or an Italian, in New York, fifteen cents for a ten-cent shine, and what do you get? — nothing.

The American is content to talk and sing about his liberty, while his rights are constantly being curtailed by our politicians. Our criminal class is the only free class: the criminal walks our streets quite unafraid, and the greater his crime the less likely he is to be punished. This is not because of a lack of laws, but because many of them are unenforced and unenforceable. President Hoover says we are the most lawless people calling itself civilized in the world. Does anyone doubt the truth of this statement? Yet in spite of our criminal class — which no reformer supposed would be multiplied tenfold by what we call prohibition — we are a nation of idealists. We pass a law which is bound to make criminals by the million and make no provision for jails in which to house them. The words of Walt Whitman recur to me:

"Go on, my dear Americans, whip your horses to the utmost — excitement! money! politics! — open all your valves and let her go — swing, whirl with the rest — you will soon get under such momentum you can't stop if you would. Only make provision betimes, old States and new States, for several thousand insane asylums. You are in a fair way to create a whole nation of lunatics."

Prohibition, a sad mistake, as I believe, was an effort on the part of a group of well-meaning but ignorant people to "make people good by act of parliament" that led to the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. The evils which have followed from this unwise piece of legislation are incalculable. America's aims are largely ignored by the foreign press; only our blunders and disasters are stressed. John D. Rockefeller, the world's greatest philanthropist, may give ten million of dollars to relieve the suffering or to promote the happiness of a race or a people he has never seen, and the item of news will be tucked away in some obscure corner of a newspaper, if it be mentioned at all, but let an armored car filled with bandits, with sawed-off shotguns, be driven madly through the streets of Chicago, and the incident is a shot heard round the world — the original shot having long since been forgotten.

And pray do not laugh, dear reader, if I mention among the arts in which we excel two which bore me

unutterably but which I like to believe are destined to add to the pleasure and cultivation of hundreds of millions of people, which may, indeed, alter the course of history. I refer to what we call "the movies" — the English, "the pictures" — and the use of the radio either with or without them. Those of us who have enjoyed "Disraeli" on the screen have seen the art of yesterday. What shall we see to-morrow? What effect will these things have upon the lives of future generations? No man living can tell, but it will be amazing beyond belief. What would we not give to hear and see the great actors of the past, to hear and see the great Lincoln deliver his immortal Gettysburg Address, to hear and see Charles Dickens read his *Christmas Carol?* By means of pictures war may be stripped of its glamour and revealed in its naked hideousness: a new heaven and a new earth may be created. Up to the present time this has been a priests' world and a politicians' world, and a hideous mess they have made of it. We hear much of the horror of the next war. What may not the next peace have in store for us? And may not America point the way? With all our shortcomings we are a kindly, indeed a neighborly people, which no one could say of the French, for example; they will, I suppose, continue to regard us as barbarians. I was once asked by a pretty little manicure in Paris if "Time Is Money" was not the motto on the coat-of-arms of the United States? Unable to

make out whether she was spoofing me or not, I assured her that it was.

In the art of dining we are sadly deficient: dining is an amenity: it was carried to excess by the Romans: in our zeal for reform we have destroyed it.

*In the art of dining we are sadly deficient*

It was going fast when "prohibition" gave it its *coup de grâce*. Only a savage can digest a good dinner washed down with ice water, so we now omit the function and, in the interest of efficiency, "dine" standing up in a drug store with someone waiting back of us for our place. In happier days we occasionally enjoyed "a large cold bottle and a small hot bird," with conversation — now we have conversation out of a can, with canned food and canned music. Little by little we are taking all the joy out of life:

we are being "reformed" beyond endurance. That which has been considered good throughout the ages, we suddenly discover to be bad. Just now a "bland" diet is highly recommended, guaranteed to add five years to one's life: —

"For breakfast, a little stewed fruit, an egg with a piece of dry toast, and a cup of warm (not hot) water. For lunch, a piece of wholewheat bread or a few crackers, with a glass of milk drunk very slowly. For dinner, a small piece of mutton, well done, chewed to the consistency of paste, without either pepper or salt, with one vegetable, preferably spinach, followed by a salad on which has been squeezed a bit of lemon. For dessert, a small portion of junket; a demi-tasse of Café Hag, with a cigar from which every trace of nicotine has been removed. One should retire at nine, sleep on a hard mattress covered only by a sheet, rise at four in summer and five in winter, and never contemplate a woman with curves." Who would wish to live at such a price? This regimen, however, affords an excellent answer to Saint Paul's question: "O death, where is thy sting?"

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